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SCIENCE & HUMANITY

Earthbound Model of a Satelloid
(See "*MR. SMITHSON'S SPACE STATION*," page 37)

VICTIMS OF SUCCESS By Henry Steele Commager

REPORT ON THE BRUSSE

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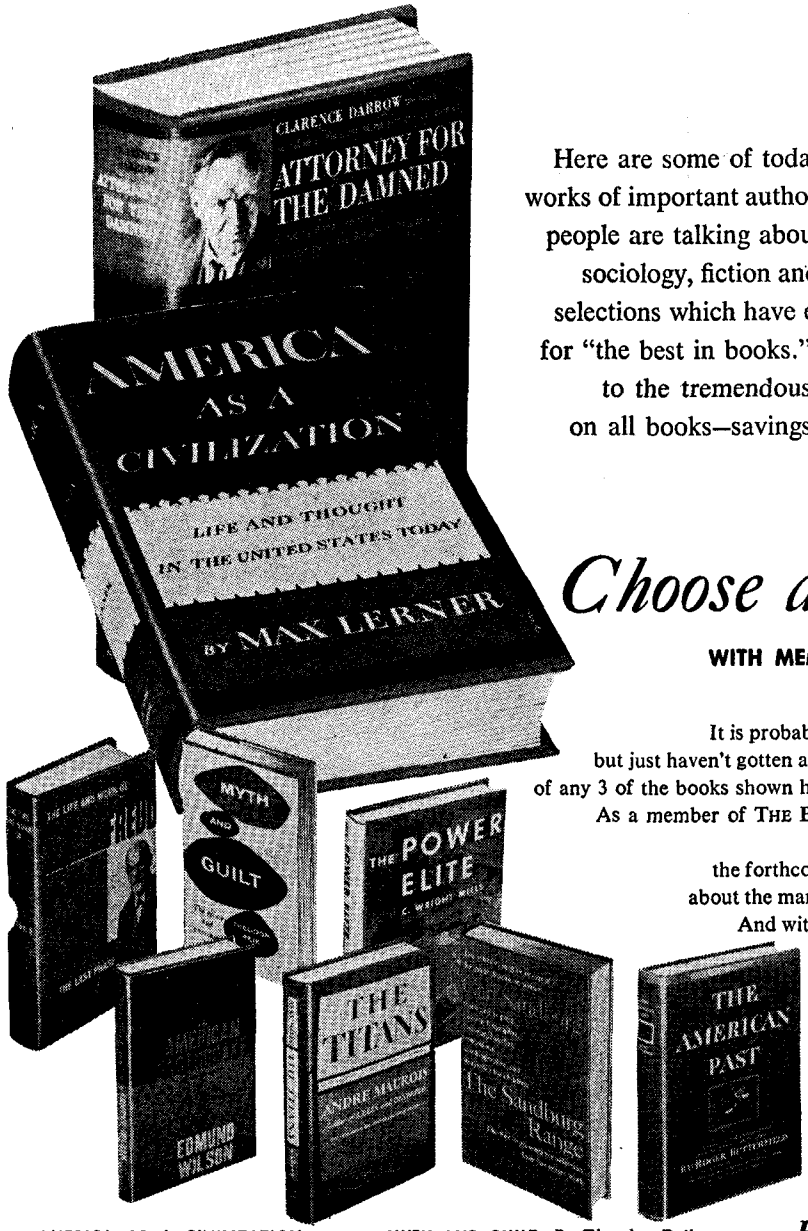

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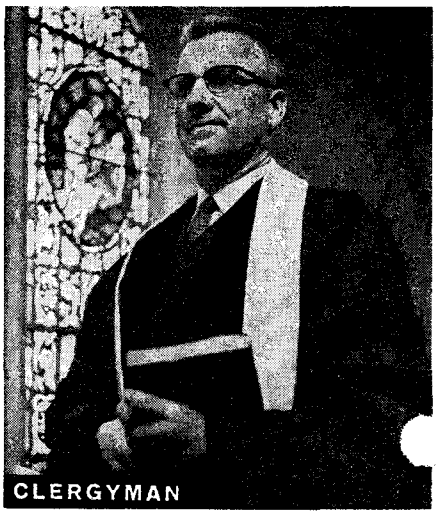

Reverend J. Edward Carothers' church, like many churches, colleges, and institutions, depends on dividends for part of its income.

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The Saturday Review

MAY 3, 1958

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The SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Publisher; Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins Vice President; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Roy Goodman, Circulation manager; Marion Urmy, Assistant to the Publisher. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulation. Vol. XLI. No. 18. May 3, 1958. Re-entered as second class matter January 11, 1952 at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., with additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa., under the act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers Guide to Periodical Literature."

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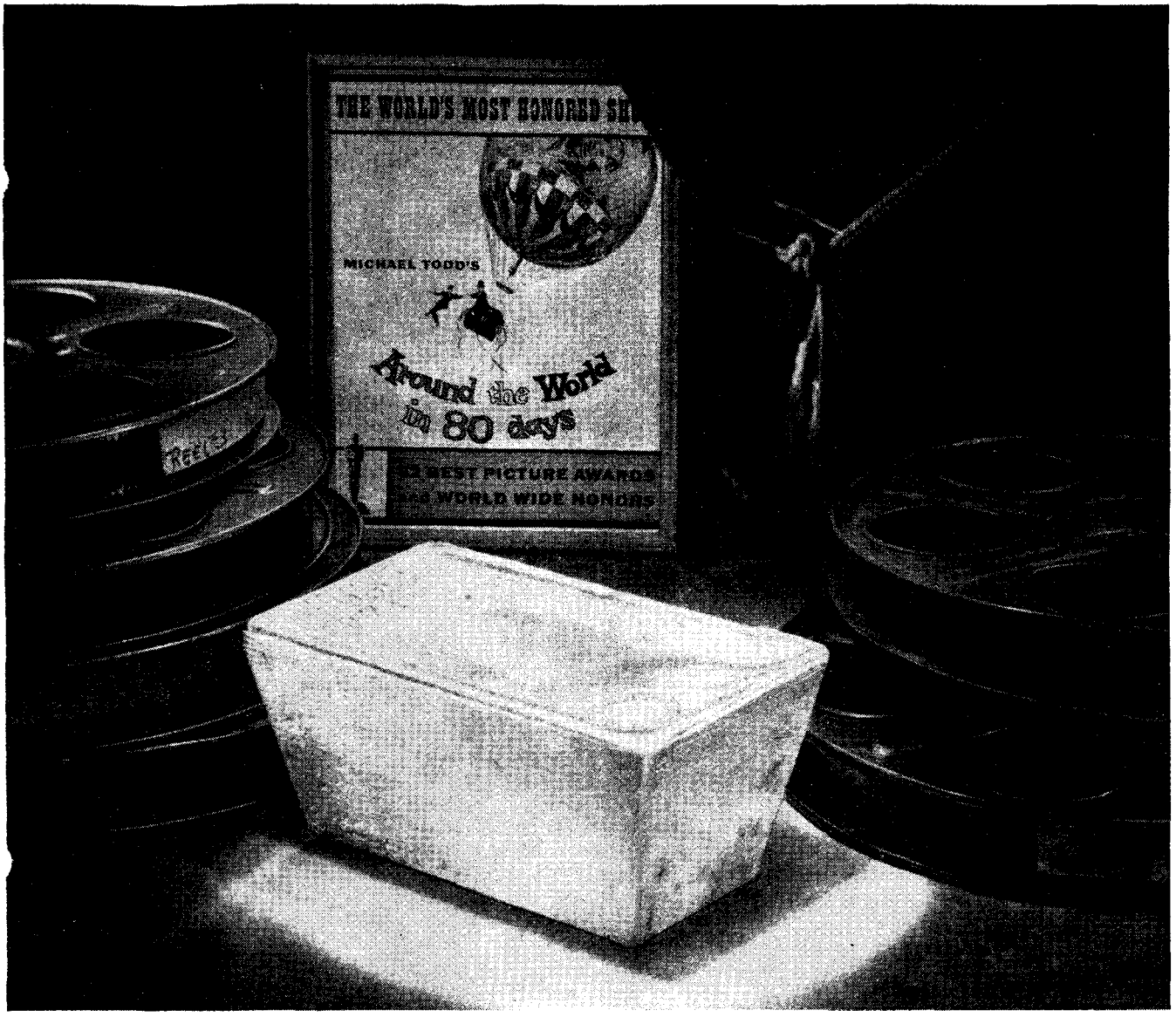

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FIRST OF THE MONTH

ALTOGETHER it was quite a month —what with two Easters, three openings (Congress, the baseball season, and the Brussels Fair), four new fashions (the chemise, the trapeze, the wig, and the tinted hose), and five awards (the Pulitzers, Critics, Tonys, Oscars, and Emmys). There were even two campaigns—a "Buy Campaign" and a "Smile Campaign." Obviously the thing to do was to grin and buy it. "You ought to buy an auto," say the radio advertisements, "and put another American back to work for thirty days." After that, the way we figure it, *he* buys a car.

• • The most important thing Mr. Baruch told the President not to do, it seems, was anything. Mr. Baruch has been making trips down to Washington to give anti-inflation advice to every President since the days of Woodrow Wilson, but so far not a single one of them has ever done anything about it. There is nothing harder for a President to take, apparently, than free advice on inflation—but Mr. Eisenhower looks like Mr. Baruch's best bet so far.

• • On the other hand, there is a lot to be said for the President's side that doesn't get said nowadays—at least the way it did in the good old days last year. Furthermore, if the Republican Republicans can't stand the Republicans any more, neither can the Democratic Democrats stand the Democrats. As for the independents, they can understand both sides —and they can't stand either of them.

• • At the "Post-Easter Promenade," which Mayor Wagner officially proclaimed, we picked up from one motherly chemiser a little inkling as to why women buy them. "I know it's unbecoming," she said crossly, "but I like anything new." At that rate, we can hardly wait till next year. Meanwhile, the April-in-Paris Ball, which was held at the Waldorf, was once again called (particularly by the people who got in free) exclusive —this year there were 1,600 at $135 per. Last year the most photographed per was Marilyn Monroe. This year it was Ann Woodward, who two years ago shot her husband in what was called "The Shooting of the Century." This year's shooting stars, apparently, couldn't be there. The next night, though, CBS did the next best thing. They put on Lana Turner's movie, "The Postman Always Rings Twice," in which the most popular scene, of course, was the one in which not only a murder figured, but also, preparatory to it, a kitchen knife. It made us wonder a bit, not only about juvenile delinquency and network taste but also about some other things which had nothing to do with Miss Turner's tragic case—about why, for example, the quickest way to adopt a child is to get to be a Hollywood star. Joan Crawford, for one, has four adopted children, and Marie McDonald has two. That seems about par for the Hollywood course. In New York, on the other hand, we heard about one couple who were refused a child by the adoption agency. The trouble was that the wife's mother had once been divorced—which indicated, the agency explained, "a history of divorce in the family."

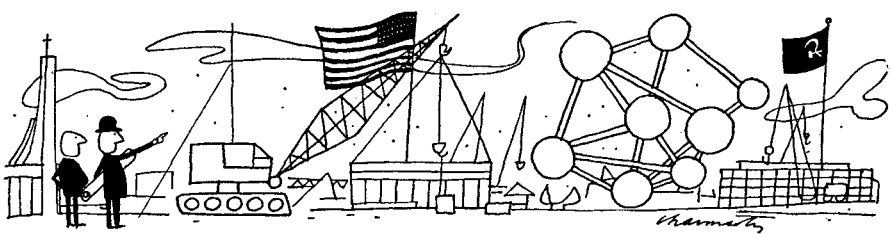
• • We had read about the Brussels "Smile Campaign" and we were all smiles when we paid a call on Mr. Howard Cullman and his charming wife Peggy just before they enplaned for the Fair. Mrs. Cullman showed us her husband's card, which said "Commissioner General." "The giggly part of it," she said, "is that when a Belgian or Frenchman says it, they say 'Commissionaire'—a 10 per center." Mr. Cullman, who is not only a tobacco tycoon and boss of the New York Port Authority but also the leading angel of New York's show business, pointed out that his card also said "Howard *Stix* Cullman." "That's my middle name," he said. "I've never used it before, but State Department protocol demands it." Somehow we were reminded, after all the furor about our Art at the Fair being too abstract, of the famous *Variety* headline, "STIX NIX HIX PIX." We told Mr. Cullman that despite the controversy we had heard from many Americans who were hoping America at the Fair wouldn't be—well—*too* American. Mr. Cullman, who is a strong Republican and yet a greater admirer of the late Al Smith, played it right down the middle (we are tempted to say "of the fairway"). "Our building," he said, "is a replica, as Al Smith used to say, of the Colosseum. We are right smack in the middle between the Russians and the Vatican. My instructions are that this is *not* a trade fair. This is a cultural, best-foot-forward-for-the-American-Way-of-Life-Fair. We are tired of apologizing for America as a young nation. We are going to show America as an adult nation."

• • Mr. Cullman himself is sixty-eight years old. With him, however, are not only his youngest son Brian, age seven, but also what he calls his "Crash Crew." "They're 200 kids," he told us, "very dedicated—everything from engineers to display people—and with them we've got 163 guides, kids from twenty-one to twenty-eight, Negro and white, both boys and girls, from all forty-eight states and Hawaii. They're all bilingual, too. We've got everything from the daughter of the president of Shell Oil to a blacksmith's son."

We felt that youth as well as age is being well served. We were also pleased that Mr. Cullman had come through his winter campaign apparently unscarred. Once, after a particularly tough hassle with the budget director, he shouted, "What's the use of a magnificent building and a magnificent theatre if I haven't got anything to put in them? I feel like I've got a swimming pool without water!"

• • Later Mr. Cullman learned that the budget director had called the President himself. "You've got to watch that fellow Cullman, Mr. President," he said. "Now he's building himself a swimming pool!" In the same way, the budget people hit the ceiling at a $38,000 item marked "lobby." "It was for the decor of the theatre," explained Cullman, "but we had to change the word to 'vestibule'." Finally, at the height of the fray, Mr. Cullman got his friend Bayard Pope, of the Marine Midland Bank, to join the many prominent people who sent telegrams to Washington demanding more money for the Fair. That particular telegram was just signed "Pope." "I'll never be sure," Mr. Cullman smiled, "but I think that signature won for us."

—CLEVELAND AMORY.



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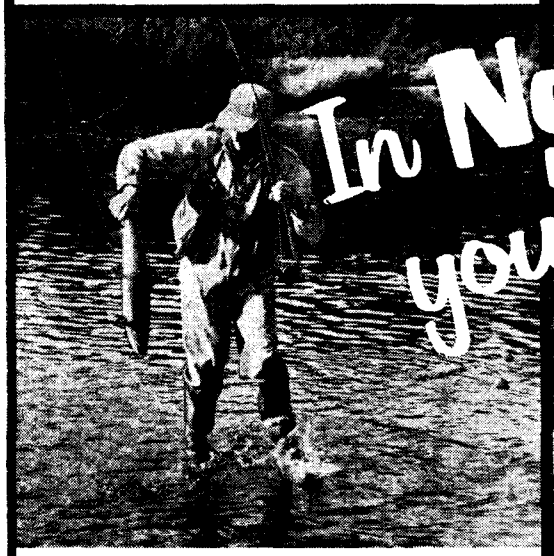

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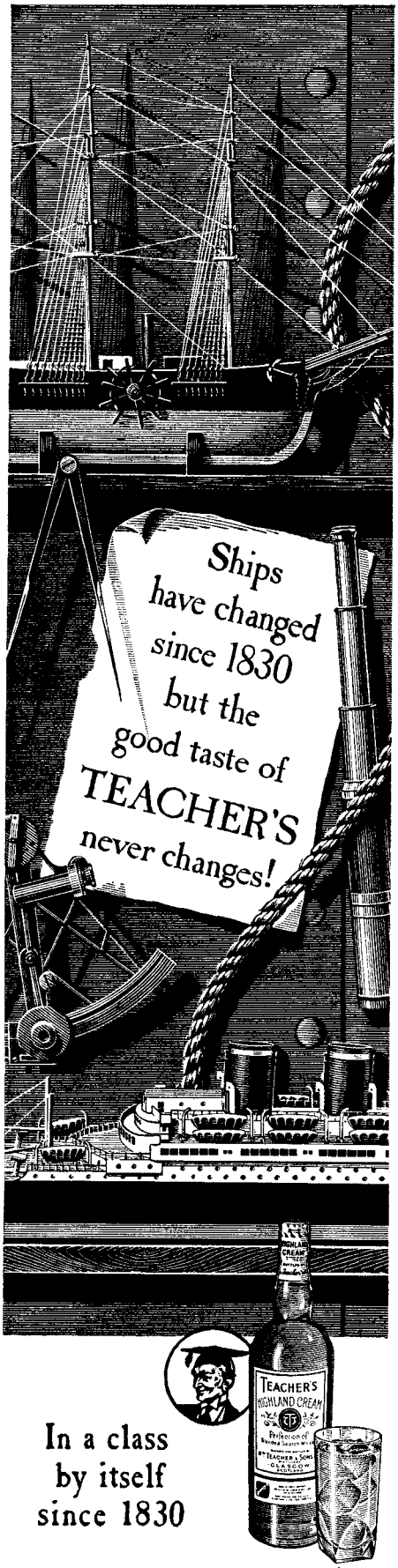
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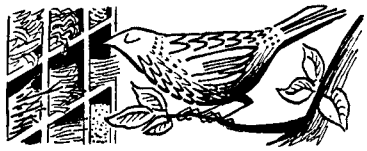
TRADE Winds

SOMETHING FOR THE BIRDS: The current issue of a family magazine contains a story entitled "How to Help Birds Build Their Nests." Instructions are given like this: "Stock a rack with stray feathers, bits of yarn, thread, cotton, and strips of paper. Such nesting materials will be wonderfully welcome to birds . . ."

Americans, we're spoiling our birds! Modern civilization and comforts of



living have made our feathered friends soft and easygoing. In case of national emergency, how many of these pampered birds can be depended on to pull their own weight? Not many, I'll wager. Birds that are too lazy to shift for themselves, and to search for their own nesting materials in the time-honored ways of their ancestors, will betray us all.

THE ARTICLE IN question goes on to say that robins are looking for dried grass, straw, or strips; while catbirds want "dried rootlets, cut into short pieces. The swallows will come to you for fine, soft feathers; the flickers and other woodpeckers for chips and wood shavings to build nests . . . robins and thrushes need soft mud for their nests, so setting some out in a flat pan will also be a big help . . ."

That convinced me. I went to the kitchen and was progressing nicely when my wife entered.

"What's this mess?" she shouted.

"These are dried rootlets," I patiently explained. "I am cutting them into short pieces for the catbirds."

"And I suppose this flat pan full of soft mud is for some bird to feather its nest!" she cried indignantly. "Clean up this kitchen!"

I never was able to explain it to her very well, and this year the robins, thrushes, *et al.*, will have to scrounge around for their own building materials.

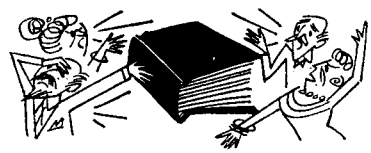
CHOW CALL: William Kinmond, staff correspondent for the *Toronto Globe and Mail*, toured China last year and has come up with one of the best eye-witness accounts so far of what's going on behind the Bamboo Curtain. His book is called "No Dogs in China" (Nelson).

That's right, there are no dogs in the cities of China. Kinmond got two explanations, one from his Peking interpreter, who said, "We killed them all when the U. S. started germ warfare in Korea. We found the dogs were carriers of the germs so we destroyed them. It was a difficult decision to make because we Chinese like dogs."

The other explanation came from British officials in Shanghai who said it was simpler than that: dogs eat too much, and in a country where there isn't enough food for the people that's bad. So they got rid of the dogs.

THE JOHN DAY COMPANY still hasn't found out just what is wrong with its "Marie Fedorovna: Empress of Russia," by E. E. P. Tisdall, recently published. This is a fantastic biography of a beautiful, obscure Danish princess who overnight became empress of Russia, then empress-mother, but who escaped the mass assassination visited upon the rest of the imperial family by the Bolsheviks.

Weeks before the book came out, John Day began to receive telephone calls and letters from émigré Russians protesting about all the historical errors and distortions, and demanding that the book be withdrawn from publication. There have been hundreds of these complaints, and they have understandably unnerved the publishers a little bit. Only one trouble, no one has yet pointed out even one



of the so-called mistakes or distortions. This is the only book about the woman ever published, and it was written by a reputable biographer. It got fine reviews. But what's wrong with it? No one will say.

"There might be a few errors in it," John Day says plaintively, "but we're not going to find them this way."

Emigré Russians, get down to brass tacks, will you?

BILL FAIN is the only author I know with a stable of racing horses. This will give folks a mistaken impression about writers, but I can't help that. Fain has three horses. Of course, when you say you have a stable of them, you don't really have a stable; you

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keep them down at the track. His are at Jamaica.

"It's nice to have them to fall back on," says Fain, "in case your book gets a bad reception."

His new novel, "Cheers, Major Barlow" (Crown), got a good reception, but he has fallen back on the horses anyway. The other day one of them—My Son Tom—won a race and paid $29.80. It was a big thrill for Fain, but not for his friends. Seems he hadn't informed 'em the nag would win. He says: "Your friends always expect you to tell them when you're going to win a race. I think it's always better to tip them off you're going to win, and be wrong, than not to tip them off and win one. It's pretty bad in either case, but one is definitely better than the other."

MARTIN MAYER, the young man who wrote "Madison Avenue" (Harper), tells me: "The whole experience of being the author of a book on which the publisher expects to make money, and which will be a best seller, is a fascinating one. John Wingate interviewed me on 'Night Beat.' I have pontificated on television with Gilbert Seldes and David Ogilvy. I had a very charming evening on Mitch Miller's Sunday night radio show. I spoke at a book-and-author luncheon in Hartford, Connecticut. I've had to make speeches in Chicago, New York, Washington. For a very opinionated guy, whose opinions have been worth nothing on the marketplace, it's been a ball. My wife says I talk too much anyway. I'm sure it's a typical experience for a writer, but not for me."

From what I gather, though, Mayer's biggest thrill has been handed him by the fellow who runs the elevator at Harper's.

"I've been going up and down that elevator for five years and now, for the first time, the operator knows my name." —JEROME BEATTY, JR.

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Sniff the damp of gathering night,
And start his dog-watch down the skies? . . .

I with my small box of cogs,
. . . when I wind
Do I wind the heavenly Dog's? . . .

One small hour of Spring to save,
Halt I Venus on her way?
Does eternity delay?

On Campus with Max Shulman

(By the Author of "Rally Round the Flag, Boys!" and "Barefoot Boy with Cheek.")

SCIENCE MADE SIMPLE: NO. 1

Though this column is intended solely as a vehicle for well-tempered drollery, the makers of Marlboro have agreed to let me use this space from time to time for a short lesson in science. They are the most decent and obliging of men, the makers of Marlboro, as anyone can tell from sampling their product. Only from bounteous hearts could come such a lot to like—such filter, such flavor, such flip-top box. The filter works; the flavor pleases; the box protects. Who can resist such a winning combination? Surely not I.

Today let us take up the science of medicine, which was invented in 1066 by a Greek named Hippocrates. He soon gathered around him a group of devoted disciples whom he called "doctors." The reason he called them "doctors" was that they spent all their time sitting around the dock and shooting the breeze. In truth, there was little else for them to do because disease was not invented until 1477.

After that, doctors became very busy, but it must be admitted that their knowledge of medicine was lamentably meagre. They knew only one treatment—a change of climate. For example, a French doctor would send all his patients to Switzerland. A Swiss doctor, on the other hand, would send all his patients to France. By 1789 the entire population of France was living in Switzerland, and vice versa. This later became known as the Black Tom Explosion.

Not until 1924 did medicine, as we know it, come into being. In that year in the little Bavarian village of Pago-Pago an elderly physician named Winko Sigafoos discovered the hot water bottle. He was, of course, burned as a witch, but his son Lydia, disguised as a linotype, made his way to America where he invented the Mayo Brothers.

Medicine, as it is taught at your very own college, can be divided roughly into two classifications. There is internal medicine, which is the treatment of interns, and external medicine, which is the treatment of externs.

Diseases also fall into two broad categories—chronic and acute. Chronic disease is, of course, inflammation of the chron, which can be mighty painful, believe you me! Last summer my cousin Haskell was stricken with a chron attack while he was out picking up tinfoil, and it was months before the wretched boy could straighten up. In fact, even after he was cured, Haskell continued to walk around bent over double. This went on for several years before Dr. Caligari, the lovable old country practitioner who treats Haskell, discovered that Haskell had his trousers buttoned to his vest.

Two years ago Haskell had Addison's disease. (Addison, curiously enough, had Haskell's.) Poor Haskell catches everything that comes along. Lovable old Dr. Caligari once said to him, "Son, I guess you are what they call a natural born catcher."

"The joke is on you, Doc," replied Haskell. "I am a third baseman." He thereupon fell into such a fit of giggling that the doctor had to put him under sedation, where he is to this day.

But I digress. We were discussing medicine. I have now told you all I can; the rest is up to you. Go over to your med school and poke around. Bring popcorn and watch an operation. X-ray each other. Contribute to the bone bank . . . And remember, medicine can be fun!

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* * *

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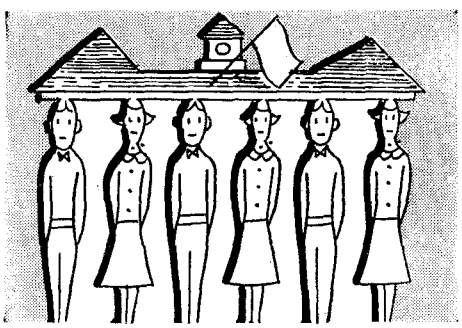
The Saturday Review
MAY 3, 1958

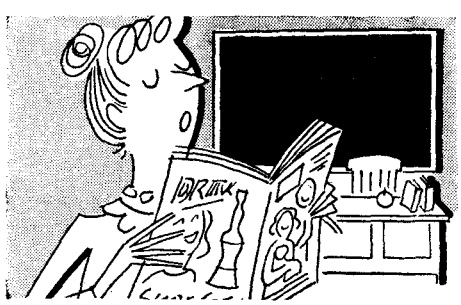
A MUSTER OF DON'TS

What the American school need not fear, and need not worry about.

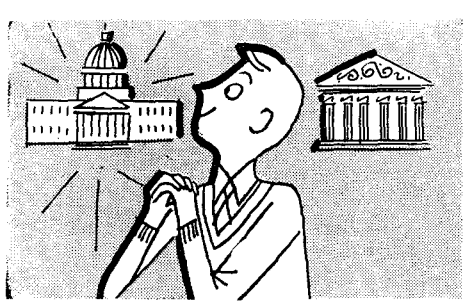
The day of large-scale immigration is past. Schools can now stop trying to educate parents through their children and concentrate right on the children.



Why try to "adopt" more children to an arbitrary "American system"? We need more non-conformists or we'll grow as feebly rigid as old Byzantium.



At school young students should be exposed to startling and unconventional ideas and media of communication, not the same standard ones they find at home.



Current affairs harass the child all day long. Let the school tell him something of ancient heroes and poets, of alien shores and the promise of the future.

VICTIMS OF SUCCESS

Henry Steele Commager, professor at Columbia and Amherst Colleges, co-author of "The Growth of the American Republic" (with Samuel Eliot Morison), perhaps the most widely known textbook on American history, writes here: "Our schools are, in a sense, the victims of their own success." What he means is that the American school is probably expending too much energy on problems which have already been solved. Don't shoot at straw men, advises Dr. Commager, but direct your fire on the long-range aspirations of civilization.

By HENRY STEELE COMMAGER

A CONTRIBUTOR to the old *Century* Magazine back in 1888 complained of "Quackery in the Public Schools." The quackery, as she saw it, was the overemphasis on the purely intellectual, and the failure to take heed of the physical and psychological well-being of the young! Anxiety about education, and complaints about the inadequacy or the faults of the schools, are always with us. Rarely have we been more anxious than we are today, rarely have the complaints been as shrill. Waving a banner inscribed with the Three R's, classicists launch their phalanxes upon John Dewey—sometimes when he isn't even there. Alleging that Johnny can't read, outraged representatives of a society that itself reads less than any similar group in the Western world, clamor for more discipline and less pampering. Alarmed at expanding budgets, economy-minded taxpayers demand the elimination of costly frills, while their opponents, alarmed at the evaporation of teachers from the schools, argue rather the necessity of bigger budgets.

In all this din we are in danger of losing sight of the larger problems that confront American education. The critics are not so much too harsh as too shortsighted; the champions not so much too apologetic as too timid.

The American school, and especially the high school, has in fact done better than anyone had a right to expect. It has, in a sense, provided a better education to society's young than society deserves. The chief trouble with most critics and defenders—there are important exceptions—is that they look upon the schools in isolation from society, and that they are, to a large extent, themselves the prisoners of their own past, and of traditional ideas about the role of the school in society. An appreciation of what is wrong with our schools, and what is needed to put them right, demands a far more searching and more severe examination of social

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requirements, social patterns, and social responsibilities than most of us are prepared to entertain.

OUR schools are, in a sense, the victims of their own success. If they are not precisely buried beneath the ruins of their own triumph, they are conditioned and committed by their achievements. Most of what we may call the non-academic functions of the schools in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries have been performed: To give unity to a heterogeneous population; to create a sense of belonging; to inculcate democracy and equality. These are never-ending problems and I do not suggest that they are wholly solved: witness the problem which New York City faces with its Puerto Rican schoolchildren, or the South with its Negro population. But can it not be said that the schools have already formulated solutions to these problems? Their application rests with society.

This suggests a second consideration, one which has not been adequately assimilated by educators: that the school no longer bears the heavy responsibilities in the non-academic realm that it did in the nineteenth century, that it now shares with many other agencies responsibility for non-academic educational activities, and that it is in a better position to devote its attention to what we may call academic functions than ever before.

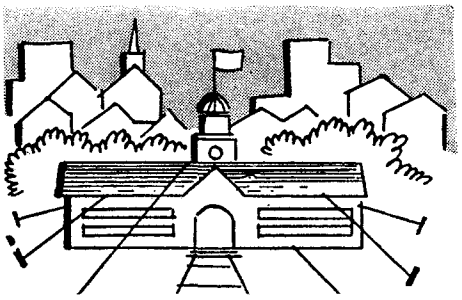
It is an exaggeration to say that schools had a monopoly on training in nationalism and Americanism and democracy and so forth in the nineteenth century, but no exaggeration to say that they were, with the political parties, the chief instruments of this training. This is no longer the case. Indeed, in so far as schools are agents of social development as well as instruments of society they have a duty to resist rather than to yield to community pressures.

Because schools are a function of society, a great many educators think it the duty of the schools—and especially the high school, which here occupies a crucial position—to "adapt" the young to the society in which they are to live. Needless to say, if each generation of young is merely fitted to the existing order of things, we will end up with a Byzantine, not a Western, civilization. A dynamic society cannot stay dynamic if the existing order fixes the standards to which all must conform and into which all must be fitted.

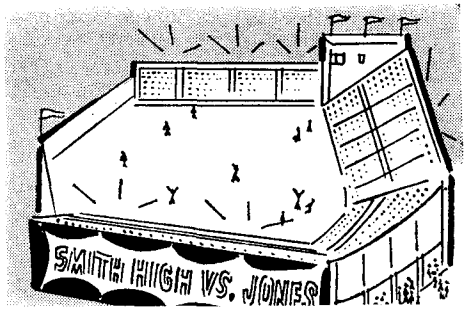
Schools are a part of society but they should not be a complete mirror of society. They should offer not a repetition of experience, but a challenge to and an extension of experience. They are not a tranquillizer but a conscience for society. Yet at a time when schools are in a better position to emancipate themselves from community pressures than ever before, and when the necessity of challenge and experimentation is perhaps stronger than ever before, our schools seem to make a fetish of adaptation and conformity. When almost every agency proclaims the merits of "private enterprise" the schools, all too often, weakly yield to pressures from filiopietistic or business organizations to beat the academic drum for a business civilization. When there's no shortage of readers of *The Reader's Digest* and *Life* and *Look* and *Newsweek*—and the young can be trusted to see them outside the schoolroom—they are exposed to these magazines in the schoolroom or the school library, rather than to less popular and less readily available magazines which they may otherwise never come to know. When the discussion of current affairs commands the daily press, radio and television, and most conversation at home, the schools, instead of diverting the young to a contemplation of the affairs of Greece and Rome, or of England, meekly concentrate on current affairs. At a time when society is perhaps overly concerned with material things—with business and industry, with roads and automobiles, when things are in the saddle and ride mankind—the schools too tend to emphasize the practical and the material rather than the intellectual or esthetic. At a time when almost all the institutions of society are in a conspiracy to suppress individuality and heterodoxy and eccentricity and to produce organization-men and women, the schools, too, put the hobby-horse away in the basement and organize group games, emphasizing at every point, but nowhere more than in the high school, the virtues of conformity and adaptability in order to produce organization-boys and girls.

IN THIS connection it is appropriate to observe that—whatever difficulties schools may have in getting enough money for their needs—they no longer have the elementary task of winning or enlisting community support to their very existence that they had in the nineteenth century, and need not make convulsive efforts to win that support. Everybody takes for granted, now, the necessity of free public education through the high school; everybody takes for granted the desirability of adequate classrooms, libraries, laboratories, playing fields, and so forth. Yet in one notorious

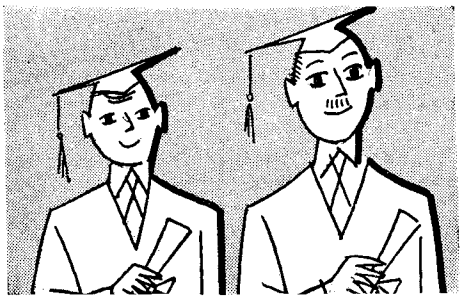
We all share "Americanism" equally. But how many of us really understand the problems of the Asian, African, or the Mexican? Schools must help here.



The public-schools are too self-conscious. Every American community now takes them for granted, and they can occupy themselves in self-improvement.



So long as athletics give the average boy a chance to play with his friends and breathe fresh air they're fine. But when they're stunts, they are doubtful.



Twelve years, plus a college four, are not magic numbers. Plenty of children could take their B.A.'s at eighteen, and get in four or five more years of work.

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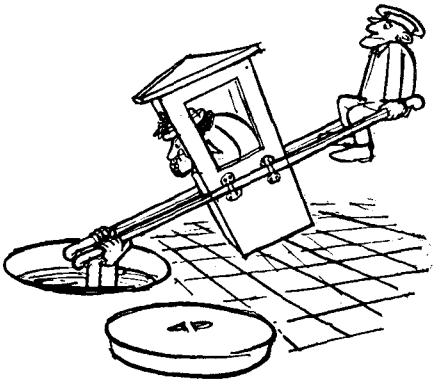
realm our schools are still engaged in enlisting community interest and support on an elementary level and with crude techniques. I refer, of course, to the emphasis on competitive athletics. Of course, sports have other functions than that of exciting community interest: to teach fair play; to provide physical training to all; to furnish a healthy outlet for the competitive spirit; to provide areas in which success and prestige are independent of wealth or family, etc.

But these purposes have been achieved, or are no longer urgent, or are frustrated by our current emphasis on sports rather than advanced by it. A system where a handful of boys devote most of their energy to football, while 5,000 students sit in a stadium and watch them, is not one designed to provide sound bodies to go with sound minds. A system where victory counts for more than the game is not one conducive to encouraging standards of fair play. ("How can you be proud of a losing team?" asks coach Jim Tatum of the North Carolina Tarheels, in a recent *Satevepost* article, and we wonder what the South thinks of Robert E. Lee.) And I think those standards have gone steadily down.

THE most dangerous feature of the development of competitive sports in the high-school remains: its relation to community interest and support. Instead of being a device whereby the community is persuaded to take an interest in the high school, football and basketball have become, in all too many communities, devices whereby the high school entertains or profits the community. More and more the athletic tail is wagging the academic dog; more and more young men who are protected by law from exploitation in the labor market—and who would never be allowed to work at night—are exploited even at night for the convenience, the entertainment, or the profit of adults. We would not expect—we would not permit—our high-school daughters to entertain the community in a nightclub or a burlesque show; there is no reason why we should permit our high-school sons to entertain the community by what are in effect burlesque performances on the playing field.

The amelioration of our current, and vulgar, overemphasis on competitive sports in high school (and in college) is drastic, but simple: Take away the dollar sign. Do away with paid coaches and the pressure for victory will abate; do away with travel expenses and teams will stay home—where they belong—and schools develop intra-mural sports; do away with paid admissions, and dependence of "other" sports on basketball and football will disappear; do away with scholarships or scholarship aid—this is largely but not exclusively a problem of the college—and teams will lose as many games as they win, which will be all to the good. If this seems like a revolutionary program, may I suggest that it is the current American practice that is revolutionary; what I propose is, in effect, a return to the old and tested practices of nineteenth-century England and America and present-day England.

Just as we have not fully assimilated the fact that schools now have community support, and that they do not need to use the playing fields as they did a generation ago, so we have not assimilated the fact that the problem of what we may roughly call Americanization has likewise been solved. In the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries—up to 1914 in fact—when our schools were confronted with vast numbers of children of immigrants and of freedmen innocent of knowledge of American history or institutions, and when the problem of creating a harmonious society out of heterogeneous racial and religious elements was desperate, the schools were properly required to take on large responsibilities here—and did. That problem is no longer acute; indeed, it may be questioned whether it still exists in any serious sense. Not only this, but all too often emphasis on the study of things American has bad motives and bad objectives. The motives are chauvinistic; the objectives parochial. The young do not need more nationalism, but less. They do not need less study of Greece and Rome, of Britain, of Canada and South America, and France, but more. The young do not need to be confirmed in their instinctive belief that fifty years of American literature is worth a cycle of English or French, nor do they need to have their enthusiasm for something called vaguely "the American system" whipped up artificially. There is no reason to suppose that the compulsory study of American history in the grade school and again in the high school necessarily makes good citizens, and we might all keep in mind the sobering fact that the great men who won our independence and laid the foundations for our Republic—Washington and Jefferson and Adams and Hamilton and Madison and Mason and others—were trained on the histories of Greece and Rome.



Educators have not yet adjusted themselves to the significance of the most elementary educational statistics. In 1890, when our population was 63 million, our college population was 122,000; since then the population has increased almost three-fold, the college and university population some twenty-six times! Add to this the fact that something like 25 million Americans participate in some adult education programs, and the conclusion is inescapable that the high school is no longer our educational terminal. Within a single generation a revolution has occurred: the college today occupies pretty much the place of the high school in 1912.

Of course, in a general way, we all know what is happening, but we still use the high schools as if they were, in a sense, our last chance. An ever-increasing number of young will have three or four years in which to learn many of the things which high schools now try to inculcate. They are not under such heavy pressure as they were to learn manners and social dancing, to learn typewriting and driving, to enjoy competitive sports and adult social life, to learn the other non-academic subjects to which the schools gave and give their attention. Now that most adults enjoy a thirty-five or forty-hour week, and that labor-saving devices have shortened the hours devoted to housework, perhaps even parents can resume their traditional tasks of teaching their young some of the things they should know! There is more justification for using the crucial high-school years for training the mind than there was in the nineteenth or early twentieth century, and less justification for not doing so.

There is an additional argument here for concentration on academic activities, and even on rather traditional academic interests. On the one hand, modern technology and automation have simplified the purely mechanical tasks of industry to the point where any reasonably intelligent young man or woman can learn what he needs to know in a week or so. On the other hand, the demands of

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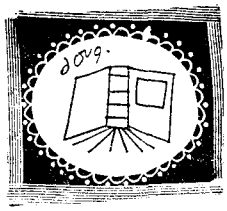

LITERARY HORIZONS

A "Big" Novel

By Granville Hicks

IF H. L. HUMES, the author of "The Underground City" (Random House, $4.95), is a young man, he is a talented one. If he is not, it is hard to excuse him for a fault that would be pardonable in youth. For he has written his first novel as if it were going to be his last, crowding into it all he has experienced, all he has heard and read, and all he can imagine. The story he has chosen to tell is in itself extraordinarily complex, but this has not deterred him from discoursing on philosophy, politics, international relations, and countless other matters, including wine and cheese. (One of the characters is a caseophile.)

The novel, which runs to 755 pages, is divided into three parts. The first part describes a crisis in French politics in the late 1940s, and introduces the principal characters: Dujardin, whose conviction as a collaborationist and traitor has been made a *cause célèbre* by the Communists; John Stone, who has been the chief witness against Dujardin; Carnot, a surprise witness for him; Bruce Sheppard, the American Ambassador, and Merseault, Sheppard's friend and an enigmatically influential figure in French politics. The second part is a straightforward account of John Stone's experiences as an American working with the French resistance movement in 1944. The third part reveals the aftermath of the Dujardin scandal, and carries the themes introduced in the first part to conclusions of sorts.

The second section, which seems to me the best, is certainly the easiest to talk about. Its 300 pages tell in plausible detail what happens to John Stone from the time he and two other men are landed from a submarine on the southern coast of France to his miraculous escape from a German slaughter of French prisoners and civilians. Mr. Humes manages to be extremely knowledgeable at many points, but it is in this section that his knowledgeability serves him to best effect. He has the air of knowing from direct experience how an underground movement operates. Stone's relations with Alexei Carnot, a Communist leader, his involvement with Adriane Santerre, his day-to-day perils and *ennuis*, and the final harrowing business of arrest, imprisonment, and escape from wanton violence, these things are as convincing as they are exciting.

Perhaps unfortunately, one arrives at Part II, in the normal course of events, only by way of Part I. Mr. Humes has dedicated the book to his father and "to W. F., who taught us all—whether he likes it or not." It is in Part I that the influence of William Faulkner, whom I assume to be the W. F. of the dedication, is most apparent. Curiously and unhappily, the Faulkner book that seems to have influenced Humes most is "A Fable," a book whose merits, which are real, cannot be imitated without great risk. There are not only echoes of the late Faulknerian rhetoric in Part I; there is an oppressive amount of busyness, with formal descriptions, big scenes, and a moving around from character to character. As relentlessly as Faulkner, but without the same reasons for expecting tolerance, Humes holds up his narrative to present six- and eight-page biographies of minor characters or to let this person or that expound his—and presumably Humes's—views on any likely topic.

If the reader persists through Part I, which has its own kind of fascination in spite of its faults, he is likely to take Part II in his stride, and if he reads Part II, he has to read Part III, if only in order to discover how it all comes out. Part III is easier to read but in some ways harder to understand than Part I. The Dujardin-Carnot-Communist intrigue is worked out to a credible conclusion. The story of Ambassador Sheppard, which serves as a vehicle for Humes's ideas on the international situation, reaches a dramatic climax. The story of John Stone, on the other hand, is prolonged through a series of unaccountable adventures, including a tour of the Paris sewers, and I have only a rough idea of where it gets to in the end.

A "big" novel of this kind raises interesting questions. "To produce a mighty book, you must choose a mighty theme," Herman Melville said in "Moby Dick." But Melville was at the moment, I think, being carried away by the mightiness of his own theme. Greatness in a novel comes from the author, not from the subject, and the themes of some of the world's greatest novels sound petty enough when baldly summarized.

On the other hand, most of the first novels one reads these days are written about small, private worlds, and it is pleasant and exciting to be thrown for a change into the turbulence of public affairs. I don't know how close Humes comes to actual historical events, but in a broad sense he is dealing with history, as he makes clear by embedding in his narrative six pages from Winston Churchill's "Triumph and Tragedy." Large issues of American foreign policy bear upon events in the story, and Humes has no inhibitions about expressing his opinions on these matters. For long stretches the reader surrenders to the illusion that this is the "real" world.

At the same time, it would be hard to find a book that better illustrates the dangers of the big novel on a mighty theme. I have already spoken of the lack of economy. Sometimes Humes's exuberance produces admirable results, as in the masterly account of the experiences of a German lieutenant—a piece of narrative that can be compared to Faulkner's tale of the horse thief in "A Fable." But, on the whole, the reader is both bewildered and oppressed by the abundance Humes sets before him.

There is also the problem of style. At his best Humes writes well, but he is not at his best on all of the book's 755 pages. There are many styles in the book, ranging from Faulknerian rhetoric to flat journalese. The dialogue is sometimes realistic, sometimes stylized, and sometimes just plain impossible.

Finally, as often happens in novels of this kind, the central figures remain elusive, though many minor persons are brilliantly characterized. In particular, I find it difficult to put my finger on John Stone, at least the John Stone of Parts I and III. He is, to be sure, numbed by the experiences described in Part II and bewildered by the persecution to which he is currently being subjected, but I kept looking for the person behind the negations and he didn't seem to be there.

However, even though my feelings about Mr. Humes's literary achievement are obviously mixed, I admire him for many of his qualities and particularly for the passionate seriousness of his concern with the international crisis. Here is a young man who knows what he thinks and has no hesitation about speaking out.

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PERSONAL HISTORY

They Gave a Lot to Life

"The Churchills," by A. L. Rowse *(Harper. 430 pp. $7.50), the second volume about the illustrious family, continues their history from Marlborough's death in the eighteenth century to the present Sir Winston. Folger Shakespeare Library Director Louis B. Wright, assesses the study.*

By Louis B. Wright

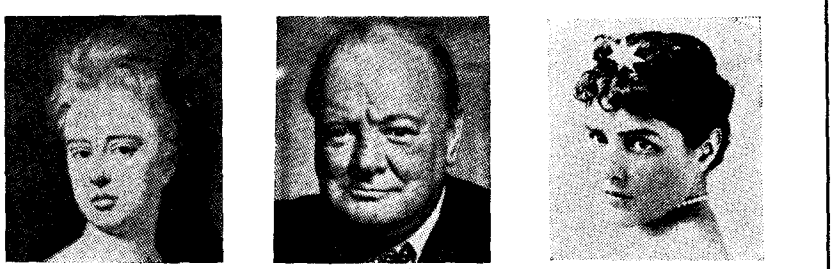
THE dynasty that Sir Winston Churchill heads stretches back into the seventeenth century and through marriage and intermarriage encompasses some of the oddest and most interesting characters in English history. In this second volume on the Churchills, Professor Rowse brings the story down to our time. He deals lovingly with his subject and makes no apology for regarding Sir Winston as his hero of all heroes. "It was a thundering stroke of fortune that gave the family in its second phase a figure wider in his range, loftier in stature, and of even greater significance in his country's history than Marlborough in the first phase," says Professor Rowse in his Prologue. Three-quarters of the book is a prelude to the emergence of this greatest of all the Churchills.

Beginning with the death of the Duke of Marlborough in June, 1722, Mr. Rowse traces the intricate history of an uncounted number of Churchills through successive reigns from George I to Elizabeth II. Fortunately, he prefaces his work with a genealogical chart, which helps the reader comprehend the dynastic ramifications. Dates in this chart would have been an added help. At one time the Churchill name died out in the male line and had to be retrieved through the female Spencer line. The senior line inherited the title of Duke of Marlborough. Sir Winston, descended from Lord Randolph, younger son of the seventh Duke of Marlborough, and Jennie Jerome, daughter of Leonard Jerome, a New York financier, was thus a cousin of the ninth Duke of Marlborough, whose marriage to Consuelo Vanderbilt brought money back into the family and helped to restore Blenheim, one of the most curious of the stately homes of England.

THE Churchills always reflected the society of their particular epochs, a fact that leads to some amusing revelations of backstairs scandal and gossip as the historian of the family explains the qualities of the leading representatives of the clan. Mr. Rowse has an eye for a picturesque passage and an apt quotation from some contemporary account pertinent to his subject. For example, he gives us Horace Walpole's appraisal of Blenheim during the incumbency of the fourth Duke, who lived longest there: "We went to Blenheim [reports Walpole] and saw all Vanbrugh's quarries, the Acts of Parliament and gazettes on the Duke in inscriptions, and all the old flock chairs, wainscot tables, and gowns and petticoats of Queen Anne that old Sarah could crowd among blocks of marble. It looks like the palace of an auctioneer who has been chosen King of Poland and furnished his apartment with obsolete trophies, rubbish that nobody bid for and a dozen pictures that he had stolen from the inventories of different families. The place is as ugly as the house, and the bridge, like the beggars at the old Duchess' gate, begs for a drop of water and is refused." In another place, comparing the Churchills' taste with that of the Prince Regent, Mr. Rowse is reminded of Sydney Smith's irreverent comment on the Brighton Pavilion, which looked "as if the dome of St. Paul's had gone down by the sea and pupped." Devious as are the annals of innumerable Churchills, the author manages to enliven the tale with entertaining bits without straying too far from his central purpose.

The narrative history of a family like the Churchills for the past two centuries reveals with startling clarity the crudity, the coarseness, the brutality, and the Philistinism of Englishmen in past epochs. Although the British lecturer in America from Dickens to our own time has found comfort in perceiving an even more Philistine society among us, he himself is a Johnny-come-lately to the cultivation that he has expounded. Few epochs were more gauche and materialistic than the reigns of the first two Georges, and even as late as the Edwardian period flagrant bad taste and the crassest materialism dominated the upper levels of society. Fortune-hunting by marriage was a respected form of getting ahead, and any cadet of a decayed English family with a title was advised to come to America and marry any fortune foolish enough to accept him. Ambitious American mothers auctioned off their daughters for titles. Some English stocks, the Churchills in particular, vastly improved themselves both in fortune and blood lines by this infusion, as Mr. Rowse points out.

The social revolution that overtook the English aristocracy is understandable when one contemplates the great monopoly of wealth in the hands of a few great families in the nineteenth century, often dominated by representatives not particularly bright. In telling about the Churchills, Mr. Rowse ranges widely through the British aristocracy and reveals the weaknesses that have all but destroyed a social order in our time. His book is both significant and readable. It is the best written of his recent works and is a model of compactness and clarity.



—Karsh, Ottawa.

Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, Sir Winston Churchill, and Lady Randolph Churchill—"The Churchills always reflected the society of their particular epochs."

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—Bettmann.

Saint Patrick—". . . no snakes."

The Judge of Erin

***"The Steadfast Man," by Paul Gallico** (Doubleday. 238 pp. $3.95), is a biography of Ireland's apostle, scholar, and missionary, Saint Patrick. Our reviewer is Quentin Reynolds, editor and journalist, who is also the author, among many other books, of "The Life Story of St. Patrick" for the Landmark series.*

By Quentin Reynolds

MARCH 17 is always quite a day in New York City. It belongs to St. Patrick, and annually nearly half a million Irish-Americans (plus a great many other assorted admirers of the saint) march the length of Fifth Avenue behind blaring bands and flying banners. When the spectacle is over, thousands crowd the bistros of our hamlet to imbibe large quantities of strong drink in honor of the saint. They don't know much about him except that he was born on March 17, that he first saw the light of day in Ireland, and that he drove the snakes out of his beloved country.

If any of the enthusiastic marchers would like to learn more about their hero, they may do so by reading "The Steadfast Man," by Paul Gallico. But they may be shocked to discover that Gallico proves quite conclusively that Patrick was born neither in Ireland nor on March 17th, and that there were no snakes on the Emerald Isle during the time when Patrick was bringing the word of God to what Patrick himself called the "savage barbarians." They may be embarrassed to learn that Patrick was born on the coast of Roman Britain.

Lest admirers of Patrick want to lynch Paul Gallico for his heresy, they might take note that Francis Cardinal Spellman has placed the approving Imprimatur of the Catholic Church upon this magnificent and exciting biography.

The author spent two years in Ireland doing research, and the imposing bibliography of ancient and modern sources printed in the back of the book shows that Gallico did his homework thoroughly. Patrick, of course, left only two written documents to posterity, "The Confession" (which tells briefly and sketchily the story of his life) and his militantly angry "Letter to the Soldiers of Coroticus." The difficulty of separating legend from fact was noted by Patrick's first biographer, Muirchu, when in the year 688 he said sadly, "My authorities are uncertain, my memory treacherous."

Paul Gallico, a non-Catholic, approached his enormous task with the sense of objectivity which has always marked his distinguished journalistic activities, but somewhere along the line he became completely captivated by the spiritual quality and the humility of Patrick the Apostle, as well as the incredible courage, the warmth, and the high intellectual qualities of Patrick the Man. Few of the footsore March 17 celebrants know that their hero had prepared for his missionary labors in Ireland by studying for twenty years under Honoratus, Germanus, Amatus, and Lupis, four of the greatest ecclesiastical scholars of the sixth century. Few of the annual Fifth Avenue paraders, in fact, know a damn thing about perhaps one of the greatest human beings who ever lived.

In 1950, the late Oliver St. John Gogarty ("I Follow St. Patrick") wrote a convincing book offering evidence as to Patrick's birthplace and his subsequent travels in the Roman Empire before his appointment as Bishop of Ireland. He attempted to separate the legend from the fact. Paul Gallico has done the latter superbly. He has also carefully analyzed the effect that Patrick had not only on the contemporary Ireland of his time but on the Ireland that we know today.

THROUGH his knowledge of Church Law and his ability to organize his foundations along practical lines, legally, Patrick spread the network of his legal system over Ireland. He did many other things for the Irish of his day and for their descendants. He gave them the Latin alphabet and insisted that those he taught and the priests he ordained learn to read and write (pastimes hitherto jealously guarded by the Druids). Within two centuries of Patrick's arrival, there had developed in Ireland a scholarship and a poetic literature unsurpassed anywhere on the Continent. He gave the Irish a spiritual tradition that endures to this day.

There is one story about Patrick that the Irish still believe. When he was dying an angel promised him that he should sit in judgment upon all the Irish on the Day of Resurrection. "The Irish," Gallico says, "are well content to have it so. They will find no more forgiving, loving, or honorable judge."

Nor will Patrick ever find a more sympathetic or eloquent biographer than Paul Gallico.

"He Done Splendid"

***"Casey Stengel: His Half-Century in Baseball," by Frank Graham, Jr.** (John Day, 192 pp. $3.50), is a portrait of the famed manager of the Yankee team. Red Smith,* New York Herald Tribune's *sports columnist, reviews it.*

By Red Smith

AS IT was said of Branch Rickey in the best Brooklynese, it could be said also of Casey Stengel that he is a man of many facets, all turned on. Capturing the manager of the Yankees on paper—the pungent quality of his personality, the implausible flavor of his speech, the essence of his professional talent—is a good deal like picking up quicksilver with boxing gloves. Frank Graham, Jr., has done it, perhaps better than it has ever been done before.

As a baseball player, Charles Dillon Stengel was employed on teams that won championships and teams that finished last. As a manager, he directed teams that finished first and last in the minor leagues and teams in the majors that were close to the bottom but never near the top, until he was fifty-eight. Now, rising sixty-seven, he gets to Yankee Stadium daily before the first eager rookie.

"Incompetent ballplayers and years of defeat have seamed this face. Laughter and mimicry have rescued it from harshness. . . . Head-on, it is his immense ears (sails, Casey calls them) which one notices first. In profile, his nose, hawklike but fleshy, is the most prominent landmark. . . . He is five feet, ten inches tall but, because of his stocky build and the odd,

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curled-over walk the years have given him, he seems several inches shorter. He walks, someone has said, like a man whose vest is buttoned to his pants."

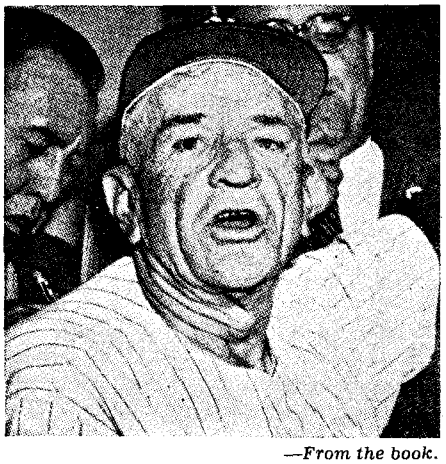
When the utility players are ready for batting practice, the manager makes his way through the tunnel from his clubhouse office to the field.

"He sits at the end of the dugout, one leg cocked up on the bench, bracing himself on an extended arm as he leans back. From time to time he pulls off his cap, revealing his unruly gray hair, and, pointing with the visor, indicates a player on the field. Then he slaps the cap on his knee and jams it, cockeyed this time, on his head.... These monologues are only partly dependent upon words. He makes his most dramatic points with a shrug, a wink, a sudden lunge or a hideous facial expression. The words, more or less intelligible, serve as incidental music—a kind of phraseless melody."

Though the book is subtitled "His Half-Century in Baseball," this is less a biography of Stengel than a portrait, an interpretation and appreciation of a remarkable character. This is happily so, for in expert hands Casey himself makes far livelier reading than any account of his travels and batting averages.

The author is a craftsman and a reporter. He has the wonderfully true ear of his sportswriter father, a quick and perceptive eye, and a fine sense of proportion. He writes with grace and gay relish, admiring his subject yet keeping it cool, resolutely avoiding hero-worship. He repeatedly accomplishes the difficult task of reproducing successfully some Stengel anecdote without the pantomime that made it amusing in the first place.

It is a performance worthy of the accolade which Mr. Stengel himself reserves for the very best: "You done splendid."



—*From the book.*

Casey Stengel—". . . a man of many facets, all turned on."

THE HUMAN COMPLEX

The Misery and Dignity of Man

"Pious and Secular America," by Reinhold Niebuhr *(Scribners. 150 pp. $3), is a series of short philosophic essays about the perplexities with which we are plagued. Morris Philipson, who reviews the collection, teaches in the Department of Philosophy at Hunter College in New York.*

By Morris Philipson

ONE of the curiosities of twentieth-century intellectual history is that professional philosophers and theologians as a class have, in effect, retired from public debates of contemporary society and disengaged themselves from making any contributions to the understanding of political and social issues. Among intellectuals, during the past fifty years, it has been the literary critics and psychoanalysts with literary pretentions who have assumed this role. The current conception of "cultural criticism" is very much their creation. Nevertheless, there continues a small number of thinkers, as disparate as Russell and Sartre, Whitehead and Ortega, who write both for their professional peers and for the general educated public. Reinhold Niebuhr is one of the few American intellectuals of this number.

"Pious and Secular America" is a popular work. It is a collection of short essays on issues which are not directly the subject matter of a professional theologian. But all "brute experiences" are rendered meaningful only by the theoretical concepts employed to interpret them. The light in which we see the significance of our groping about in the dark of social and political experience is generated by an elaborate structure of such concepts. In Dr. Niebuhr's book the concepts are religious and the structure is one of the most independent of contemporary Protestant theologies.

This structural context is indicated in the concluding essay, called "Meaning and Mystery." There we are reminded that "we can give no rational account of how the world of particulars is related to the 'unconditioned.'" Between the encompassing mystery and the effort to establish meaning, we constantly encounter paradoxes, antinomies, and complexities. In the experiences of life, as in the effort to comprehend, the basis for tolerance is recognition of the fragmentary character both of virtue and of knowledge. In the antimony between the determined and the free Dr. Niebuhr grounds the essence of our social and political conflicts and confusions. He lays bare the points at which no "logic of history" can explain a particular development, but only the free function of "historical contingencies" is significant. By seeing clearly both the *misery* and the *dignity* of man, both of which are possible only because of man's freedom, is he able to place his finger on the ideas ignored or overrated by the interpreters who misconstrue or obfuscate issues of public life.

A number of the essays are concerned with domestic American social and political issues. The conditions and consequences of morality are analyzed with particular respect to their religious origins. "For in our nation," he writes, "secular and religious viewpoints tend to merge into a kind of vague and sometimes sentimental religion of democracy, with no strong antireligious or antisecular fanaticisms." The resulting paradox is that the United States is at the same time "the most religious and the most secular of Western nations." But such a thesis is by no means as simple as it appears. According to Dr. Niebuhr:

> One reason for the popularity of the church is that the exclusive sectarian churches on the one hand, and the immigrant churches on the other, have succeeded in establishing integral communities which have made the anonymity of our increasingly urban civilization more tolerable. This is scarcely a religious reason for the popularity of religious institutions, but it may be indirectly related to religious faith, which, whatever its cultural defects, has a frame of reference in which persons are significant.

While the current function of organized religion is more social than theological, the roots of our national policies are even more complex. We drew our political practices from the British pragmatists, but our theory came from the French Rationalists—leaving Americans "the only unrecon-

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structed heirs of the French Enlightenment." The result is that since our theory lags behind our practices, "we still present ourselves to the world in terms of pure libertarian slogans. Either the world misunderstands us because of these slogans, or it knows us well enough to realize that our achievement has been not so much the attainment of pure liberty as the attainment of equal justice and social stability within the framework of a free society." Implicit here is the assertion that "liberty and equality are in paradoxical relation to each other and that it is possible to purchase the one only at the price of the other."

Such conceptions have led Niebuhr to write on the idea of Liberty and Equality in respect to social stability and international relations. The essays "America and Russia," "Justice to the American Negro from the State, Community and Church," and "The Relations of Christians and Jews"—are in themselves brilliant exercises in cultural history. At the same time they are reminders of how desperately we are in need of the application of systematic thought to social and political problems. Niebuhr is such a critic that even these sketches or outlines for interpretations must be taken up greedily, as the reflections of a subtle and powerful mind, ready and able to warn us away from the naïveté of oversimplification.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 775

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 775 will be found in the next issue.

FR FU QEUFQZ RX

SFACR SXZ XWQ'U

VZFWKFVOQU RCEW RX

OFMQ PV RX RCQT.

—EOSZQN ENOQZ.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 774

I have found some of the best reasons I ever had for remaining at the bottom simply by looking at the men at the top.

—Frank Colby.

Awareness of the Self

"On Shame and the Search for Identity," by Helen Merrel Lynd *(Harcourt, Brace. 318 pp. $5.75), the co-author of "Middletown," is a study of man's quest for his true self and his place in society. Theodor Reik, who evaluates the book, is an eminent psychologist and author of many books including "The Secret Self" and "Masochism in Modern Man."*

By Theodor Reik

IN THIS book Helen M. Lynd, who is best known as co-author with her husband of "Middletown" and "Middletown in Transition," presents an original exploration of experiences of shame and their relevance to the question of identity. Instead of stringing together a succession of laudatory adjectives, it should be stated that the book is a pioneer attempt at solution of a complex sociological and psychological problem. It approaches significant experiences hitherto neglected with courage and verve, although the language is sometimes symbolic and often ambiguous. It is easy to formulate the flaws the reader will find in this important book. His resistance will start at the first sentence: "In every age men ask in some form the question: Who am I? Where do I belong?" This statement is simply incorrect since those questions are not to be discovered in the beginning of the individual and collective development. The search for identity sets in rather late in the child and in the tribesman.

There is originally no doubt about the self that has no distinct boundaries. It is not yet differentiated from the whole and is unaware of its independent existence. I have, as someone remarked, no axiom to grind, but I doubt if an exploration of the core of the self can be entirely successful if it neglects the genetic point of view. We best understand things by finding out what was their origin and how they developed. The awareness of the self is an experience of the child that already presupposes certain emotional and mental processes of a relatively complex nature. The same is true for the self-image within a group, and it is certainly significant that, as the writer emphasizes, times of swift change and social dislocation bring the questions "Who am I?" and "Where do I belong?" to the fore. The neglect of the genetic point of view is to be regretted especially in Mrs. Lynd's otherwise excellent psychological characterization of shame. The child has originally no shame and acquires this sense through education.

It is conspicuous that the origin and the intimate connections of the experience of shame with the organs and functions of elimination and sexuality are scarcely mentioned. Yet they are the foundations on which the experiences of shame are built. The author does not consider that the experience of social exposure, so significant of shame, has its predecessor in the sphere of body exposure. Another shortcoming is the complete lack of consideration of such pathological phenomena as masochistic and exhibitionistic perversions. While Mrs. Lynd calls attention to several underemphasized aspects of familiar phenomena, important to the understanding of identity, she omits others that are at least equally relevant. There is, for instance, no mentioning of the certainly very significant differences of the shame-experiences of the two sexes.

The author has an encyclopedic mind and draws upon literary, sociological, and psychological material in her exploration of those complex problems. Admirable as the scope of her knowledge is, the impression the reader sometimes gets is that she puts the overloaded cart of her erudition before the horse of her research. Her exploration has, however, merits that are abiding. Her perceptiveness and sensitiveness, especially felt in her differentiation of guilt and shame and in the characterization of some pervasive, but rarely described experiences, her successful attempt at formulating their properties, as well as her intellectual sincerity and the originality of her observation make her book a remarkable work of research. No psychologist, psychoanalyst, or sociologist who is interested in the elusive phenomena of shame and of the search for identity can afford to leave her book unstudied.

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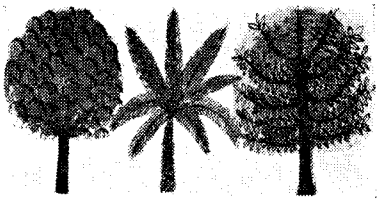
The "Secret Room" of Life



"The Seasons of Jupiter," by Anand Lall *(Harper. 253 pp. $3.50), India's Ambassador to the United Nations, tells of a man's lifelong search for fulfilment through love. Nancy Wilson Ross, our reviewer, who has traveled extensively in India, is the author of "The Return of Lady Brace," "The Left Hand Is the Dreamer," as well as other novels.*

By Nancy Wilson Ross

ANAND LALL, the author of "Seasons of Jupiter," the newest of many recent novels dealing with modern life in India, is not merely a novelist. Mr. Lall bears also the exalted title of Ambassador Extraordinary, Envoy Plenipotentiary and India's Permanent Representative to the United Nations. He thus may be numbered among that amazing group of Asian political figures who seem able not only to carry on demanding public careers, but to find the time, the energy, and, what is more, the interest, for more subjective forms of activity.

In reading this book there come to mind inevitably Santha Rama Rau's recent foray into novel form, "Remember the House," and the even more recent novel by R. K. Narayan, "The Guide" (see page 21). Mr. Lall's story, like Narayan's, has something to tell us about an Indian holy man and how he got that way, and, as in Miss Rama Rau's novel, the setting is a small select world of uppercrust Indians. It is soon evident, however, that Mr. Lall, as a novelist, is in search of some more elusive and significant goal than a mere depiction of Indian high life just prior to the dark days of "Partition," which swept his country into a fratricidal holocaust. He sets out to show us how a man of exceptional background and advantages passes through a rich web of varied, forever disillusioning experiences in search of a love so completely fulfilling that it will give him the thing for which his soul yearns—self-realization.

The story is told in the first person. It begins with a young resident of Delhi describing a new neighbor who has moved next door to his family's city house, an unusually striking old man with a mysterious, obviously enthralled, and much younger wife in an advanced state of pregnancy. The commanding elderly gentleman is Rai Gyan Chand. When he and the narrator have become, in record time, intimate friends, Gyan Chand recounts the tale of his "journey"—as he calls, in retrospect, his long, full life.

The material Mr. Lall reveals for us in the words of Gyan Chand has all the fascination of a rich, unfamiliar tapestry. It seems also fair to remark, however, that one views the unfolding scenes with the same detachment with which one might study an unusual piece of design. It is not that the subject matter lacks the innate power to move us deeply in living human terms, but rather as though the author himself chose to consider all the characters in the book, and the situations and incidents of his hero's life, with deliberately cool dispassion. This is true even of the tender scenes during the years of Gyan Chand's hermit existence, when he enjoyed a brief friendship with a lovable shepherd boy and a touching relation with a devoted thrush, which gave up his life for his Sadhu friend by choosing to remain behind when winter came to the mountains. It was his uncontrollable sense of loss at the shepherd boy's departure and his violent grief over the bird's death which returned the wanderer after seven years to his home once more, for he realized that his nature still craved "affection and close companionship." Following his return Gyan Chand takes for the wife of his declining years the educated young daughter of his estate overseer, to whose older sister he had at one time been passionately drawn.

—*Jacket drawings by Ellen Raskin.*

"Fascination of rich, unfamiliar tapestry."

Threaded throughout "Seasons of Jupiter" are a number of recurrent themes which, though stressed to a point, are presented in such an oblique manner as to leave one wondering at the author's true intention. One such has to do with a certain "secret room" filled with books and art objects in Gyan Chand's family house, the hidden "center" of his parents' lives, discovered by him only after their death. That this room has symbolic meaning seems plain from the fact that Gyan Chand brings to it in turn the several women who play an intimate part in his life. In each case the women are strongly affected by the room's spell, and in this same secret room Gyan Chand, on his return from his seven years as a wandering Sadhu, gasps to discover that the old Rajput paintings are "worlds of delight bursting from the mind of the artists . . . in miniature . . . reminiscent of the greatest of my own flights into space in my periods of meditation."

ALTHOUGH in conclusion Gyan Chand tells his Delhi neighbor that he is now totally at peace, happy, and at last fulfilled in the understanding companionship of his young wife, the book ends on a note of bitter, inexplicable irony. Once again, as always, a woman has failed Mr. Lall's hero. Does the author mean to suggest in this failure an inescapable fate for Gyan Chand? The title might seem to suggest so, springing as it does from the astrological terminology of the simple-minded overseer, Narinjan, whose obsession with the vagaries of the planet Jupiter has consistently amused his unsuperstitious master.

One puts down "Seasons of Jupiter" delighted by its many glimpses of Indian life on several levels but also with the wish that the novel's eternally pertinent themes could have been more clearly and fully developed. In its engrossing but too brief and crowded pages the great universal subjects of the significance of an individual life and the mystery of the human search for unchanging love remain only tantalizingly skeletonized. One very much hopes that Mr. Lall's considerable narrative and descriptive gifts and his sensitive perceptions will be given fuller scope and expression in his future work.

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Clair de Lune Mob

"The Moonlight Jewelers," by Albert Vidalie *(translated by John Petrie; Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 214 pp. $3.75), is a romantic tale of young love and banditry in the wooded Parisian outskirts. Henri Peyre, our reviewer, is a professor of French at Yale.*

By Henri Peyre

UNLIKE many recent imports from France, this novel is not a criticism of life, the parable of an ingenious moralist, or the discovery by an adolescent of the ease with which an affectation of early cynicism can seduce naïve adults. It is a tale, artfully told and sensitively written, to which an expert translator has done full justice. The author is obviously a young but a gifted and well-trained writer, familiar with Stendhal, whose enigmatic "Armance" provided him with an epigraph, and with Alain-Fournier's "The Wanderer," one of the very few novels of the years 1890-1914 which has retained its hold on the imagination of adventure story writers. But there are no literary allusions in this tale of romantic bandits and of passionate young women. It takes place among very simple, almost primitive people, living within a few miles from Paris.

The setting is that of the fields and the forests which lie west and south of Paris, of villagers, innkeepers, peddlers, and poachers, whose greed is ferocious, whose passions are crude, whose appetite is insatiable and who treat their womenfolk with little of the courtesy with which Parisian salons are credited. The time is left as vague as that of "Madame Bovary."

The corpse, half devoured by crows, of a tradesman in watches is discovered under a coppice by a peasant. The deceased is identified by Ursule, a girl of seventeen, as her uncle. At the inn where she worked he had more than once attempted to snatch from her a few kisses, and even more definitive favors; but she had eluded him proudly. His widow, Florentine, a delicate and pallid lady from Paris, whom he had treated cavalierly, seized by a strange impulse to revenge herself posthumously, gives herself, the very night of the funeral, to Lambert, a handsome male who has never bowed to the necessity of work and has preferred the vagrant life of an outlaw. Ursule discovers the secret of the unfaithful widow, who, stricken with remorse and fever, fades away from the story. The seventeen-year-old girl leaves her job and her family, goes to Lambert and warns him that the gendarmes are after him. She decides impetuously to share his life of an untamed Robin Hood, fooling the police and defying society.

—*Marilyn Silverstone.*

R. K. Narayan—". . . comedy, tragedy, satire, often in one scene."

The main body of the novel is an idyllic picture of the life of the two lovers, in a cave where they sleep on chestnut leaves, kill rabbits and birds for their fare, receive assistance from a few other idealized bandits. The police and even a Parisian detective—ritually portrayed as incredibly obtuse in French plays and novels—never get on their track. Their love is bitter; cruel fights alternate with rapturous embraces. They are almost relieved from the fear of arrest when they manage to slip one of the stolen gold watches into the pocket of a poor peddler, who is arrested as the murderer of the jeweler. But fate, or the malevolence of society, steps in.

"The Moonlight Jewelers" ("Les Bijoutiers du Clair de Lune," the name of roving brigands who looted that region of France over a century ago) is clearly not remarkable for the complexity of its characterization or for the logical motivation of its personages. Causal explanations and probing into the impulsive moves which impel those romantic and primitive country people would be dissonant in this fairy tale. But suspension of disbelief is effortlessly obtained from the reader. The brutal behavior of the peasants and of the brigands, the realism with which innkeeper, gendarmes, and garrulous villagers are portrayed endows the otherwise incredible story with a truth which the reader does not question. The dialogue is sparse and convincing. The evocation of love and of nature is artfully contrived. If this is not a pretentious or a profound novel, it is entertaining and refreshing.

Man with Answers

"The Guide," by R. K. Narayan *(Viking. 220 pp. $3.50), chronicles the ironical adventures of an Indian from the little town of Malgudi. It is reviewed by Santha Rama Rau, who has written several books about India.*

By Santha Rama Rau

THERE is no question in my mind that R. K. Narayan is the best novelist that India has produced, and probably among the most entertaining and distinguished of contemporary writers anywhere. He is, besides, a writer with courage—and mastery enough to cope with comedy, tragedy, satire, all in the same book, and very often in the same scene. He builds his own world, the small, particular but universal, south Indian town of Malgudi. His earlier books, "The Financial Expert," "Grateful to Life and Death," "The Printer of Malgudi" (to mention only the ones I most admired) have already made his landscape and his atmosphere familiar to the small but devoted group of his fans in this country. His people have the immediacy of a real and memorable encounter. Like Gustave Flaubert, he has a sharp eye for provincial life, the wit and the humanity to tell, without apparent effort, a story far more searching than the easy surface of it would lead you to think.

Mr. Narayan's new, and in many ways his best book, "The Guide" is the story of a saint *malgré lui*. It is certain to be described as "picaresque" because it is, indeed, an account of the extraordinary, varied, and unpredictable adventures of a Malgudi man who starts his career as a tourist guide and ends as a guide of quite another sort. But Mr. Narayan writes with such authority that the thoughts and personality of an Indian dancer, an emotionally blind archeologist, a village merchant, an intractable peasant, a rebellious ascetic, all have an intense, inconvertible reality.

Raju, the son of a small shopkeeper, is Mr. Narayan's hero, a boy who is fired by the arrival of the first train to Malgudi with a modest but vivid wish for adventure, for romance. "Engines with their tremendous clanging and smoke ensnared my senses," he recalls. "I felt at home on the railway platform, and considered the station-master and porter the best company for man, and their railway talk the most enlightened";

(*Continued on page* 34)

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The Saturday Review

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Time to Know

THIS is about *Time* magazine, about which *The Saturday Review* has warm sibling feelings. In the early days of *Time* and the then *SRL*, we shared the same working space in a somewhat rundown and poorly ventilated office building in lower New York. Indeed, the name of *Time, Inc.* appeared on our masthead as publisher. *Time* grew much faster than we did and we separated. It was the kind of separation, however, that is natural and inevitable inside a family when the children reach a certain age.

Now we have something severely critical to say about *Time*. In doing so, we sacrifice none of the sense of kinship we feel for the men who struggled alongside us in our weaning years in the publishing business.

For more than a year, one of the most distinguished and effective advertising campaigns in the United States has been carried on by *Time* magazine in connection with the verb "to know." *Time* has wisely and imaginatively sensed that a respect for knowledge is as vital to America as any of our natural resources or items in our arsenals. And the right to know and the need to know are intimately related to the facilities for knowing.

An item has just appeared in *Time* magazine, however, that violates the demands of knowing. The article is concerned primarily with the voices that have attemped to speak about American nuclear policy in general and nuclear testing in particular. *Time* magazine made it appear that people who questioned U.S. policy on testing were "dupes of the enemies of liberty." It didn't hesitate to use the spillover technique by which one name on a list is made to stain all the others.

Only a few years ago, *Time* was itself one of Senator McCarthy's larger targets. In that situation, *Time* properly put the Senator through its press roller. The essence of what *Time* said about the Senator was that he did not *know* what he was talking about. Also, that indiscriminate labeling was in itself a form of service to Communists.

Unhappily, this is the effect of *Time*'s own piece on the National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy. Neither one of the co-chairmen of the Committee was interviewed by the magazine for its story. The Committee was grouped together with other organizations with which it had no connection. It was made to appear that the Committee was advocating a policy of "surrender."

Among those who have signed the Committee's policy statements were people like the Reverend Harry Emerson Fosdick, Paul Tillich, Lewis Mumford, Norman Thomas, Oscar Hammerstein, Elmo Roper, David Riesman, the Reverend George B. Ford, Dean John C. Bennett, Donald Harrington, Eleanor Roosevelt, General Hugh B. Hester, Clarence Pickett, the Reverend Ralph W. Sockman, Bishop Hazen G. Werner, Dr. W. Barry Wood, Dr. Erich Fromm.

It is more in the line of Know-Nothingism than Knowing for *Time* to suggest that such persons are "dupes of the enemies of liberty." *Time* has no monopoly either of knowledge concerning the threat of Communism or zeal in combatting it. Men like Norman Thomas and Father Ford were fighting Communism long before *Time* and *SRL* even thought of setting up shop on Vesey Street.

If *Time*, a news magazine, disagrees with these people, it has every right to state its differences. But dealing in damaging catch-phrases, is to our mind not consistent with the kind of standard that Henry Luce and Roy Larsen and Briton Hadden were raising in the mid-Twenties.

Apart from the Committee, a fairly impressive number of persons here and elsewhere have been questioning various aspects of our nuclear policy for many of the same reasons given by the Committee, among them Walter Lippmann and Sir Anthony Nutting and Prime Minister John G. Diefenbaker of Canada. Does *Time* believe these men are Communist dupes too? And what about Pope Pius XII and Dr. Albert Schweitzer, both of whom have been deeply concerned about the sanity and safety of nuclear testing? Does *Time* take the position that it alone knows what the true hazards are? Even the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission now admits that this country is "the hottest radioactive place in the world." And a survey under the auspices of the AEC admits that there has been a recent increase in strontium-90 from 30 to 60 per cent in the bones of the American people as the result of nuclear testing. Further, the New York area at present suffers a burden of forty-eight millicuries of radioactive strontium per square mile. This will be multiplied as the result of continued testing.

Not even the defenders of the AEC have contended that there is no danger from indefinite testing. How can *Time* know so confidently there is nothing to worry about?

NOR has *Time*, to our knowledge, ever faced up to the basic moral issue involved in nuclear testing. The question that has to be decided is not whether testing contributes to our security but whether we or any nation have the right to affect the atmosphere and the land that belong to other people against their protests. If the United States did not happen to be a nuclear power itself, and radioactive materials from a foreign source got into the air over our farmlands and lakes and cities, we would quite properly let out a roar of protest that would shake the earth. Why should *Time* not know that this is exactly how others feel?

Time says that the Committee has shrewdly timed its major statement to appear just before the American tests and that it also has carefully refrained from issuing statements before the Russian explosions.

If *Time* had thought about this for

(*Continued on page* 48)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

MANRIQUE EXPLAINED

In Letters to the Editor (*SR* Mar. 15) *SR* published two comments on my "Miracles Explained." I would like to discuss both of them according to their relative merits.

In regard to the first letter, written by Father LeBlanc, I have scrutinized its contents in a futile search for some scientific rebuttal to my thesis. Very much to my surprise and chagrin, instead of a scientific challenge I found only an oblique reference to martinis and a vehement protest that has nothing whatsoever to do with my article. Even when Father LeBlanc fleetingly confronts one of my arguments—namely, my contention that a vision of the Virgin Mary could represent a wish-fulfillment similar in type to the unconscious fantasy a little girl may entertain about keeping her mother away from the beloved father—he takes my thesis out of context, misses the point, and even adds such words as "sexually," which I did not use in the entire article. Nevertheless, I am sorry that my writing disturbed the peace of the good Father.

In reference to the other letter, Miss Thompson points out that I neglected to mention the "surprisingly rather short roster of cures accepted as such by the Church." I would like to refer her back to my article. In writing about cures I stated: "Even the Church, more conservative and realistic than the common believer, has accepted as valid only a very small proportion of the reported 'miracles.'"

Manuel Manrique, M.D.

New York, N. Y.

HISTORICAL PHENOMENON

Father LeBlanc's idea of "an historical phenomenon which is revered by millions of non-Catholics as well as Catholics" does not necessarily mean that the phenomenon is true.

Sonja Neborak.

Birdsboro, Pa.

BIOLOGICAL EXPLANATION

It seems to me that the purely psychological or psychoanalytical explanation of the phenomenon of "visions," while plausible, must yield to the more demonstrable and objectively reproducible *biological* explanation. Wishing to avoid controversy I refrain from commenting on religious explanations of "visions."

E. L. Dimmick, M.D.

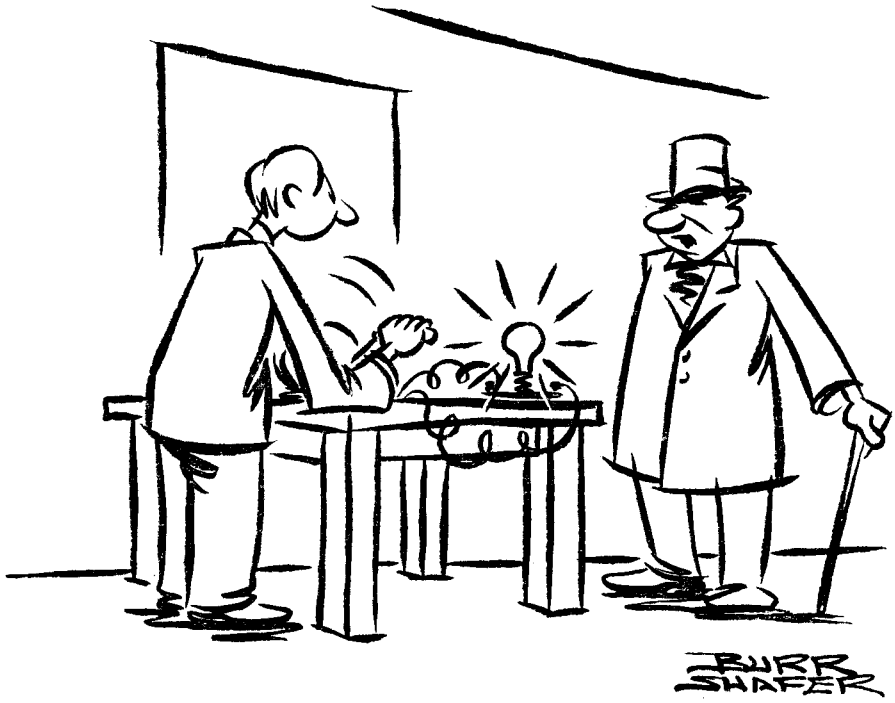
Dunmore, Pa.

CONSCIENTIOUS JOURNALISM

I applaud the courage of Thomas Braden in "Why My Newspaper Lied" (*SR* April 5) and commend *SR* for publishing it. Such conscientious journalism deserves publicity just as the American public deserves the truth Mr. Braden is working to give it.

Ruth Buckholder.

Bronx, N.Y.



Through History with J. Wesley Smith

"All well and good, Mr. Edison—but in a typical small town who's going to volunteer to stay up all night generating electricity?"

NECK WRINGING

If the Atomic Energy Commission falsifies information then somebody should have his neck wrung. The same applies to editors who make no effort to learn the true facts for themselves. A few columnists should not have such control over the way newspaper editors think. Man is a lazy critter!

Ernest J. Lewis.

Oroville, Calif.

SURGICAL PROCEDURES

In Braden's revelations of the surgical procedures performed on the news one finds a striking parallel to the fable of the powerful Procrustes and his arbitrary iron bed. May we express the hope that reprints of this splendid article will be made available.

Mrs. E. L. Fosbrink.

Syracuse, Ind.

GERMINAL STUFF

In my article on Robert Frost (*SR* Apr. 12) I said I did not know of any Frost worksheets in existence and that no one knows what long blank-verse poem it was that Frost had been working on just before writing "Stopping by Woods."

Since publication of the article my good friend John Holmes, poet, critic, and scholar of Frost, has written to tell me that some Frost worksheets do exist and that it was his understanding from Mr. Frost that the long poem in question is "New Hampshire." I am happy to add this information to the record. If the long poem is indeed "New Hampshire," my guess that it must have contained the germinal stuff of "Stopping by Woods" becomes questionable.

John Ciardi.

New York, N. Y.

CAN IT BE TRUE?

Is there any truth to the rumor that "Jack Kerouac" is a pseudonym for John Ciardi?

Craig Leman.

Corvallis, Ore.

SLEEPY VERSES

Like legions of others, I was delighted with Mr. John Ciardi's beautiful essay, but I was surprised that Mr. Ciardi does not mention the lullaby nature of Frost's poem. He mentions that the poet had been awake all night at work on another composition. At the moment the poem occurred to him he undoubtedly felt the need for sleep and began to create within himself a mood conducive to that end. The whole poem is very soothing and relaxing, which may, in part, account for its universal popularity.

Mrs. Cora Carroll Scanlon.

Milwaukee, Wis.

HOLD HIS PEACE

Only the "sundry scattered few who consider these things important," as Amy Lowell once said, will know what Frost was talking about.

Charles E. Cunningham.

Philadelphia, Pa.

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Freedom to See—Duty to Think

A POSTCARD to the Fund for the Republic (60 East 42nd Street, New York 17), requesting a copy of "Freedom to See," will bring you an admirably executed report on the genesis, production, and repercussions of the famous CBS televised interview with Nikita Khrushchev of last June. The readers of *The Saturday Review* can testify to their concern for the Bill of Rights by getting this report, written by Herbert Mitgang, a member of the staff of *The New York Times*, and issued by the Fund as part of a continuing study of contemporary institutions and powers in relation to civil liberties.

Mr. Mitgang's conclusion is that in Congress and in the executive branch the propriety of the broadcast was seriously questioned, and that "the networks will bear the criticism in mind when they are considering future 'controversial' telecasts."

The creation of an atmosphere unfavorable to freedom of expression is a matter of general concern. My special interest is in discovering why a television broadcast should be subjected to the kind of attack no one would dare to make on a precisely parallel newspaper interview. This can be highlighted by the action of George Meany (AFL-CIO). Mr. Meany agreed to take part in a discussion of the interview. Then he withdrew, because he had originally been under the impression that Khrushchev's statements would be quoted and then he discovered that portions of the original telecast would be repeated. He felt, apparently, that the American public could safely be exposed to Communist ideas, but that the fall-out from the visual image was too dangerous.

I have a strong suspicion that many people share this feeling and, if I am right, I would like to know why. Studies have been made of public response to various media. Quite apart from selling-power, we know what percentage of the entire public gets its news chiefly from print, from radio, from television, and we also know how much confidence people have, or say they have, in each of these. We do not have, so far as I can discover, any profound studies on less obvious factors: the speed with which an impression is made, the depth or effectiveness of the impression, the degree of critical reaction. We do not know how the surrounding atmosphere of entertainment affects the reception of news and ideas.

In these, as in many other, matters we have uncritically accepted the doctrine that television, being part of the free press, operates as the press does. I do not think it a disservice to the First Amendment to say that this doctrine needs to be examined. We have, right at the start, the fact that the freedom granted to the press was denied to broadcasting from the moment the principle of "equal time to reply" was made binding. The licensing power of the Federal Government imposed this principle because of a single circumstance: the limited number of broadcasting stations. A radio station in New York has recently rejected the principle—refusing to give time to the opponents of fluoridation of the water supply—but there are far more radio stations in New York than there are daily papers. For a TV station to take the same position is, at the moment, unthinkable.

I mention this because it is a simple physical fact. The underlying question is whether television would be entitled to the freedoms now available to the newspaper if it were discovered that its effects are totally different. I do not know that they are. But so long as it remains unexamined, the freedom of the press is an abstraction in the minds of most people, remote from actuality, and consequently not worth fighting for. A few demagogues, given a climate of fear, can work on public indifference, and presently we may find Congress instructing the FCC to forbid sponsorship of news (which has often been proposed) and to proceed from there to further restrictions. It will not be difficult to label the defenders of liberty as subversives—and a few unimportant abuses of their privileges, by a few thoughtless or fanatical broadcasters, will start the lynchings.

We shall not protect—we shall certainly not enlarge—the freedom of the mass media merely by saying that they are part of the press. We shall not determine their responsibilities either. We know that in the exercise of an abstract freedom a part of the press can at times become irresponsible. We ought to know whether we can afford an irresponsible broadcasting system. And the only way to find out is to think—no matter where our thoughts may lead us.

—GILBERT SELDES.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Van Cliburn and the Moscow Prize

REFERENCE to the files of this department shows that on November 27, 1954, the following paragraph recorded an event of the preceding week: "The most talented newcomer of the young season (and it could be of the whole winter) . . . gave a notable demonstration of pianistic prowess in playing the Tchaikovsky B flat minor piano Concerto on a recent Philharmonic-Symphony broadcast. A striking figure of over six feet two, he literally commands the piano as he plays, and in many ways the music too. He is far from a a finished performer as yet—an inclination to rush tempi and accelerate *accelerandos* was evident, also a little lack of technical discipline—but he has, in abundance, the qualities of fervor, audience appeal, and musicianship which make for distinction . . ."

The subject of this comment was, of course, Van Cliburn, the young Texan who four years later took his talents to Moscow and was pronounced First Prizewinner in the Tchaikovsky competition. It is gratifying to have the Russians endorse our values (at least where artistic talent is concerned), and Cliburn's achievement has been saluted in several dispatches from Moscow on the front page of *The New York Times*, his "management" (which had no part in his trip to Moscow) is barnstorming him to Philadelphia and Washington as well as hiring Carnegie Hall for a reprise of his "Mission to Moscow" program when he returns in mid-May, and his future is as bright as he can make it.

Among a variety of reactions to Cliburn's success, the most remarkable, perhaps, was the comment of Dimitri Shostakovitch (who is rapidly sacrificing any claim he may have to serious consideration as an artist by his zealousness to serve his country's propaganda purposes) in the unquestionably official *Pravda*: "Until now the musical successes of that country (the United States) resulted not from efforts of Americans but of famous performers of European countries. We, for our part, are extremely happy that this outstanding young American artist earned his first wide and entirely deserved recognition among us here in Moscow."

To expect a concern for the truth to determine the content of such an article is, perhaps, to ask for too much, but the plain fact emerges that, whatever the objectivity with which Cliburn was judged in the contest, in the propaganda war with an authoritarian country, you can't win. In other words, winning the competition proved what a great pianist Cliburn was. Winning it in Moscow showed how much more alert to such talent the Russians are than we benighted Americans. I don't suppose it would interest Shostakovitch very much to be advised that Cliburn has won half a dozen prizes in this country, and has performed not only with the Philharmonic on the occasion referred to above, but also with the orchestras of Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Denver, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Dallas, Detroit, Houston, and Indianapolis (as well as a scattering of smaller ones). Even Shreveport, Louisiana, where he was born, has welcomed him as soloist with its orchestra. The oracle has spoken and 300,000,000 Russians believe what they have been told.

DURING the same week in which Cliburn was performing in Moscow, the Moiseyev Dance Company gave the first in a series of hugely admired performances in the Metropolitan Opera House. If there was any disagreement in the press, it was only in terms of how the admiration should be expressed. One sourpuss of the *Daily News* grumbled editorially that the company was probably infiltrated with spies and the FBI should put tails on them all, but the average view was that the Russians were fabulous dancers, worthy of total approval. It never occurred to anyone that there was some propaganda value *for us* to exploit in their visits. In the American way, Cliburn's management will doubtless "exploit" his Moscow success, but the young man himself will share the major benefits thereof.

From these reactions to the concurrent happenings, one can draw a clear conclusion on the value of "cultural exchange." I am all for it, and hope it not only continues but flourishes. But to expect it to improve, materially, the relations between the two countries is, in my opinion, a fallacy. For policies are made by officials, not by peoples. When the honest merits of a Cliburn can be twisted to Russian propaganda purposes by such an official spokesman as Shostakovitch, the basic unfriendliness of his Government must be clear to all.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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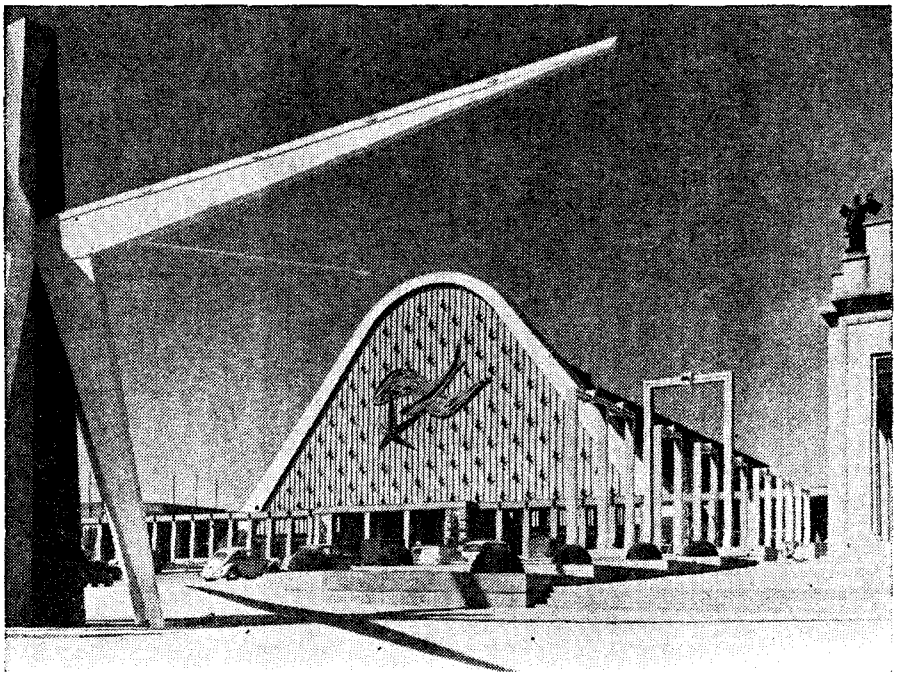

Hall V: Main Reception Hall of the Fair—"the kings do not smile."

BRUSSELS.

THE years of planning, the weeks of Congressional bickering, the hours of last-minute primping ran out at last in the park outside Brussels. It was a day that was cold with the late spring except when an in-and-out sun gave a fleeting preview of how it all might look by the middle of summer.

King Baudouin, serious and twenty-seven, read through the sheaf of papers that were his speech. He declared the place open. Then he got in his open Cadillac and followed a convoy of royal automobiles, all black, all American, past the crowded tribunes jammed with subjects and foreigners. His greeting was perfunctory and mechanical. Once he raised his hand in salute, but he did it by the numbers. He never smiled. A frustrated crowd that wanted so much to cheer him uttered hardly a syllable. According to diplomats who have labored in the palace circle, he is continually counseled that Belgian kings do not smile.

The crowd looked for excitement elsewhere. It came first and fleetingly in a flight of a thousand pigeons that wheeled in the sky, and then in a covey of jets, and finally in a trio of planes that soared in the sky trailing red, black, and yellow smoke. It came in the first ride under the Atomium, the symbol of the fair, a giant collection of dumbbells strung together, a primary exercise in a child's Tinker Toy set, a figment of Orson Welles's radio drama that shocked a nation into thinking the Martians had just landed, a strange massive unlovely powerful outlandish notification that in the world of the atom what is power need not be beauty too. It was so big you could ride up its connecting rods on moving stairs, drink beer in the bells, have a twenty-dollar dinner in the topmost sphere reachable by direct elevator whose indicator registers in meters instead of floors. And in the night each bell danced with the electricity of thousands of flickering lights.

The count-down to the final minutes that led at last to the opening day meant very little to the French, whose daring cantilevered building had sunk in the soft spring mud and now was merely a mass of packing crates and confusion. Its unveiling would be fifteen days late. The Italians weren't open either, and Spain with an imaginative building barren of all exhibits would be ready mañana. But the Swiss were on time and the Germans, who had built their exhibit last winter, covered it over and then went home to wait for the spring, had now merely to roll back the tarpaulin.

The Soviet and U.S. pavilions, separated only by the narrow buffer of the Arab block, whose cement tents are pitched between, could scarcely be farther apart in concept. Whereas I was, last winter, filled with trepidation concerning the announced Soviet effort to win the world at the Brussels Fair, I feel now that they are the victims of their own trap. They show achievement and, save for the Sputnik, it is only what everyone else had achieved a long time ago. At this fair, we shy away from achievement. We undersell it. We show our way of life. Moreover, we show it in a light, gay, airy delight of a building. The only thing grand about it is the statistic that it is the largest circular building in the world. In front of our building is a plaza planted with apple trees and a great pool where fountains shoot jets of water to cool the passer-by. The building itself is a base drum laid flat, all white and gold with a roof that overhangs. In the night it glows gold and amber and warm. Inside there is a giant pool. Eleven willow trees that were on the property grow indoors now and spread fragile and green overhead. Models in *Vogue*-selected fashions from bathing suits to ball gowns stroll down a white runway and pirouette on a palette anchored in a great circular lagoon.

The Russian building is a giant glass rectangle, and to reach it you walk up a broad flight of stairs. Party slogans bombard the visitor at the entranceway. A pair of mammoth workers are dwarfed only by a commissar-sized statue of Lenin at the far end of the hall. The avenue to Lenin's feet is lined with a border of heavy machinery. Sputnik, shining and silver, commands the promenade, and the beep-beep of its famous voice is an incessant call over the loudspeaker. While a final grudging outlay of Congressional funds has permitted us to stay open until eleven, the Soviet pavilion has been closing these first nights at six forty-five. With the darkness it shines bluish white.

IF THE Russians have really spent an estimated $60 million on their Brussels presentation it doesn't show in their pavilion. On the other hand, the problems of raising funds for propaganda in a capitalistic country certainly are apparent with us. (In questioning Commissioner Howard Cullman, Representative Rooney, Congressman from Brooklyn, who labeled the plea for more funds a Madison Avenue whitewash, demanded to know more about a $30,000 item for

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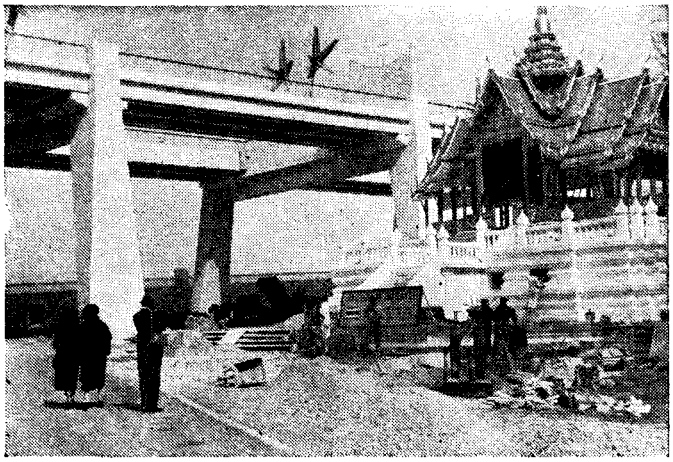
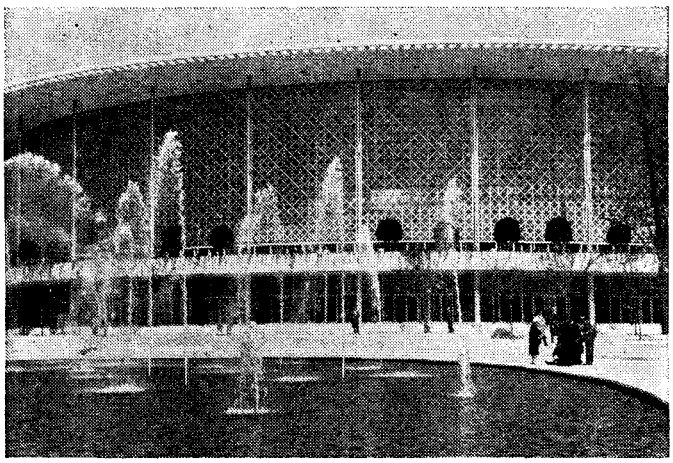
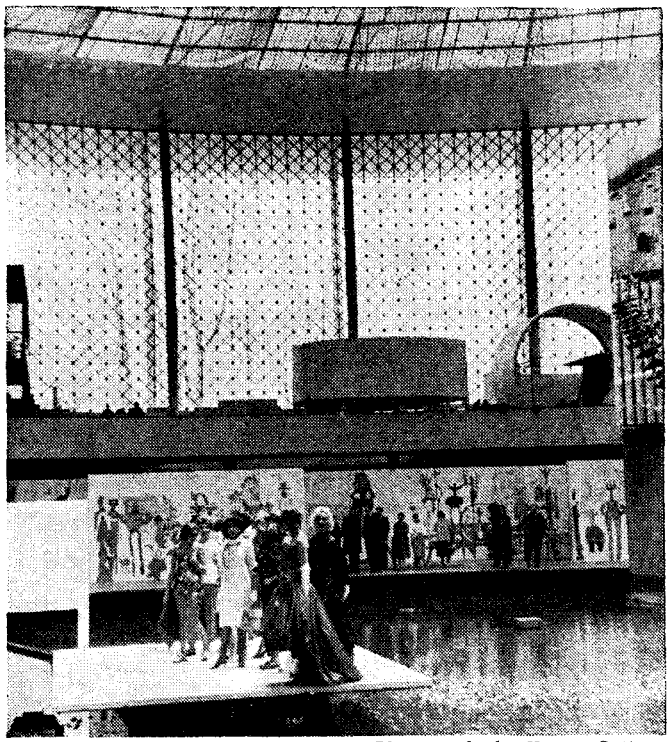
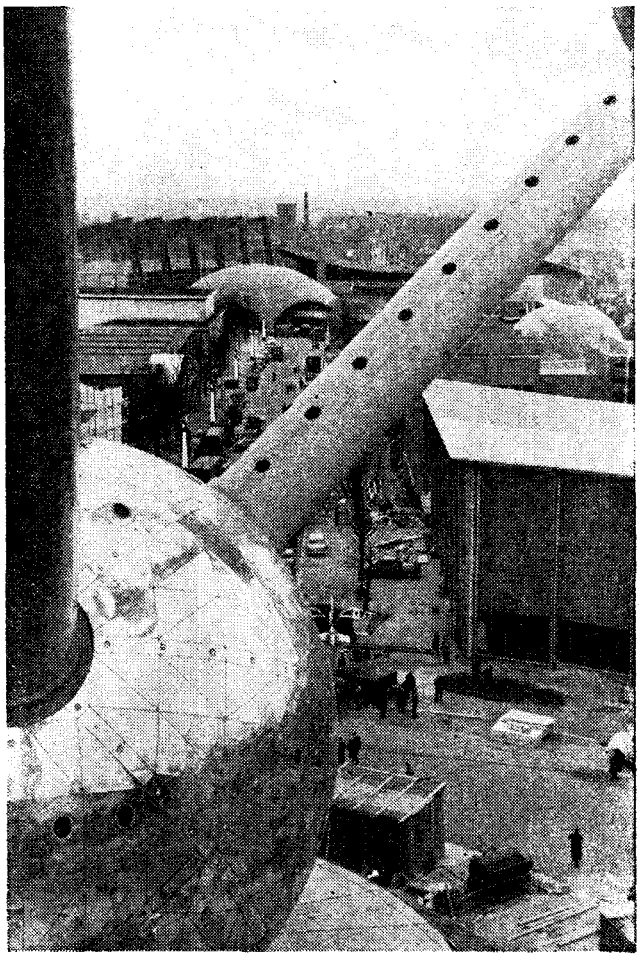






—Photographs by Horace Sutton.



AFFAIR AT BRUSSELS (going clockwise from lower left) : 1. Fashion beauties in the American Pavilion; 2. Outside the American Pavilion; 3. Thailand Pavilion and Aerial Bridge; 4. The Fair from the Atomium; 5. Inside the Russian Pavilion.

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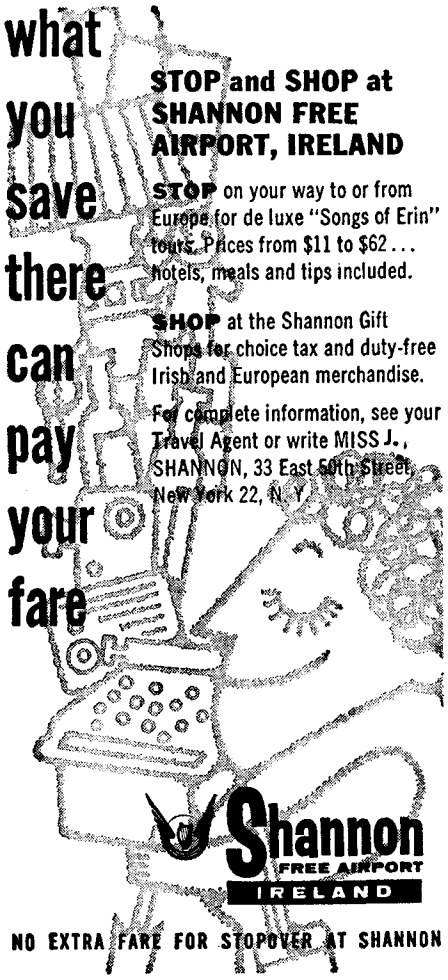
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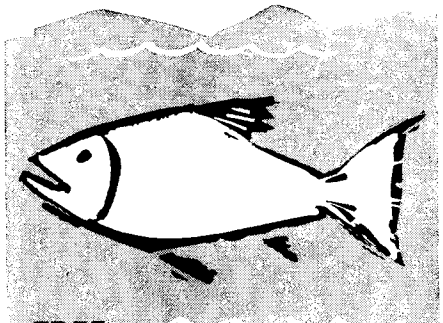

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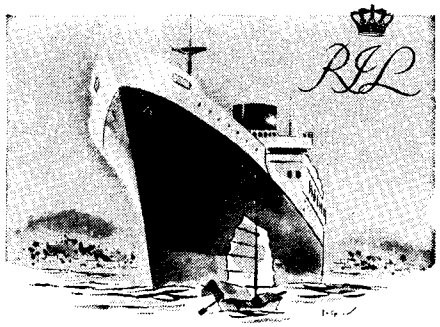
a lobby. "Is that a lobby against me?" he asked. The commissioner explained that it was the lobby for the theatre.)

As a screen across the central lagoon constructed as a partition against which to show some notably esoteric pieces of American sculpture, we have built a wall of cheap cinder-blocks painted white. The seams show unevenly and some of the bricks are already cracked. Our whole display of recorded music has been cramped into a room crowded with just thirty-six chairs. Toy trains lie immobile on dead-end tracks. The shop window of Bergdorf Goodman would have been rejected by the third string window dresser for Montgomery Ward. Some items in our Islands-for-Living display, notably a porcelain bathtub with neither faucets nor drain, were unfathomable even to this longtime practitioner of advanced American life.

But in presenting our way of life, and not just our islands of esoterica, we display Idaho potatoes, license plates, tumbleweed, a working soda fountain, and a newsstand selling such paperbacks as "Will Acting Spoil Marilyn Monroe?" "French Through Pictures," and "How to Win Friends and Influence People." We display menus of our restaurants, which run the line from the Damascus Restaurant to Moscowitz and Lupowitz, a Lower East Side *latke* lair. The only U.S. car on display is a red two-seater, one of Ford's earliest models.

The crowds grow thickest around the electro-mechanical manipulator, a device for handling radioactive objects by remote-control arms and claws. Visitors are invited to try. An IBM machine has memorized historical facts of any year from 4 B.C. to 1958, offers a recorded card to any visitor in a choice of ten languages in scarcely more than three seconds. Voting machines installed at the President's personal request have proved a fascination. But the big draw in the main pavilion are the live models who line up the spectators five deep all day long.

The real sleeper, though, is Walt Disney's Circarama, in a matching circular building behind the main pavilion. To a stand-up audience its eleven cameras show a magnificent glimpse of U.S. life projected on a 360-degree full-circle screen. To a three-way commentary in English, French, and Flemish (in deference to the Belgian hosts) Circarama has its onlookers hip deep in Kansas wheat, coursing through the River Rouge plant and bumping over the Ford testing grounds, screeching at night through "la ville Chinoise de San Francisco." It hardly fails to bring



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a lump to every American throat, gasps and smiles to assorted foreigners.

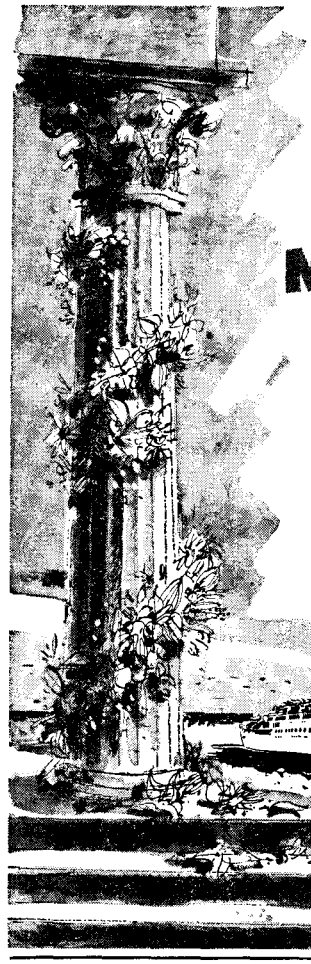
As cows and cowboys roamed across Texas, students at UCLA swarmed over the screen, freight cars crunched into each other in a Kansas City yard, and the Statue of Liberty appeared in New York Harbor, a French-speaking engineer from Hanover turned to me with shining eyes. "Je marche avec vous," he said. (On the day of the press preview, after asking permission, the Russians sent a platoon of photographers to record the reactions to Circarama, which may prove to be the hit of the fair.)

Our third circular building is the U.S. theatre which, aside from the Belgians, is according to U.S. officials the only private theatre at the fair. The Russians, who have a movie house, will use downtown theatres in Brussels and Antwerp. Wherever they play we are going to have a hard time topping their program of performing arts. We open with "South Pacific" in Todd-AO, then offer a week of Benny Goodman. On the present schedule after that are "Carousel," the new American opera "Susannah," the American Ballet Theatre, the Juilliard School orchestra, Belafonte, the new Menotti opera, Menuhin, Leontyne Price, Blanche Thebom, the Philadelphia Orchestra with Isaac Stern as soloist, among a lengthening list. Conspicuously absent are America's big names from Broadway and Hollywood, names that appear at the drop of a charity name at every benefit and who flit about the country plugging pictures at studio request. So far they have all pleaded previous commitments. American film producers might also think of their foreign markets when the requests for talent at Brussels come in, even though they remain apparently unmoved by patriotic motives.

What we fail to feed fairgoers in culture, whether Hollywood or highbrow, we are making up in vitamins served in an American-style coffee-shop run by New York's Brass Rail. On the three-language menu *le hamburger* and *le demi poulet printemps barbecue à la mode de Dixie* were going well and the world was having a dandy time with *pudding au riz crème* and jumbo banana splits (selling here for 70 cents). As far as the American patrons were concerned it was fun to watch the world sit down at an American counter even though the prices were somewhat stiffer than at home and the pastrami seemed to lose something in the translation.

—HORACE SUTTON.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This is the first in a series of articles about the Brussels World's Fair.*



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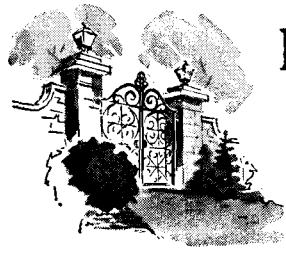

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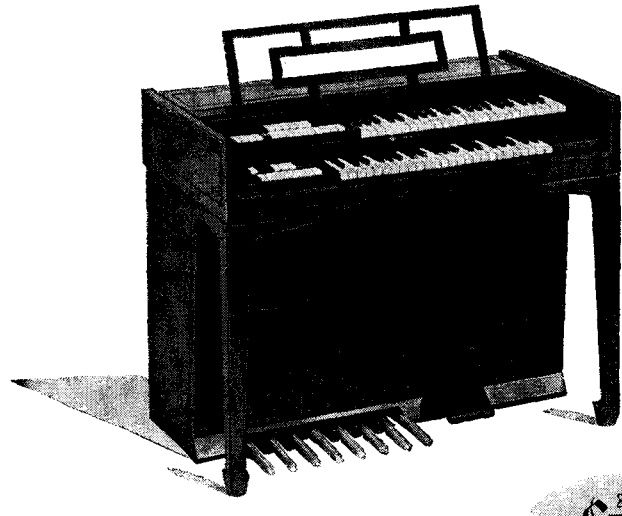

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Neither Easily Nor Cheaply Won

"The Battle of Gettysburg," by Frank A. Haskell, edited by Bruce Catton *(Houghton Mifflin. 158 pp. $3.50), and* ***"The Guns at Gettysburg," by Fairfax Downey*** *(McKay. 306 pp. $5), are two histories of the crucial battle in July 1863. The former is an eyewitness account, while the latter is a modern historian's study of the chaotic struggle. Earl Schenck Miers, who reviews both books, is the author of "Guns of Vicksburg," and other books on the Civil War.*

By Earl Schenck Miers

FRANK ARTEAS HASKELL was one of those "damned black-hatted fellows" who fought with the famous Iron Brigade. Brigadier General John Gibbon, tough as hard-tack, commanded this outfit of boys from Wisconsin, Indiana, and Michigan that had served at Second Bull Run, Antietam, Fredericksburg, and Chancellorsville before reaching Gettysburg in hot July of 1863. Haskell, an aide to Gibbon, was in the thick of the fight during those three decisive days when Lee saved his army but lost forever the initiative in his dogged duel with the Army of the Potomac. In less than a fortnight after the Confederates retreated, Haskell wrote the classic account of the battle which now, with a fine introduction by Bruce Catton, for the first time becomes available in a popular edition.

The Civil War specialist long has accepted Haskell's narrative, despite minor errors, as an indispensable work on Gettysburg. Haskell wrote with flaming passion, the awful din of battle still echoing in his ears, the memory of the bleeding, the maimed, the dying etched indelibly on his brain; and if at times his prose grew purplish so much the better, for he belonged to an age when emotion had erupted into war. Only the historian can approach Gettysburg without anger and prejudice; the men like Haskell, who were drawn there as part of a slaughter neither of their making nor asking, simply fought to extricate themselves from the fearful tragedy into which the nation had blundered.

Haskell knew. In later years the Battle of Gettysburg would become, in its retelling, a "chaos of trash and falsehood." But Haskell knew also that "tradition, story, history—all will not efface the true, grand epic of Gettysburg." So speaks the principal actor at the point where Pickett's Charge penetrated Union lines; and if he is manifestly unfair in blaming this breakthrough on the cowardice of Webb's brigade (the chief weakness in his account) the reader still shares his panting suspense, and glares at the slashing Rebel bayonets, and wonders if all mankind has forsaken God.

Three days later Haskell revisited the battlefield. Written in red chalk on the bark of a tree was a sign: "75 Rebels buried here." The memento-hunters rooted amid bent and splintered muskets, shreds of caps and coats and trousers, discarded canteens and cartridge boxes, smashed timbers, forsaken harnesses. He scarcely saw them; rather, his glance

Colonel Frank Haskell—at the time of his graduation from Dartmouth College, 1854.

lingered on a shaft where "the marble lamb that has slept its white sleep on the grave of a child, now lies blackened upon a broken gun-carriage." Already "nature's mysterious loom was at work." In another spring, what would Gettysburg mean?

To Fairfax Downey in "The Guns at Gettysburg," a rousing book that deserves an honored place in the literature of the war, the battle has meant ninety-five years later rescuing those too-often ignored heroes, the artillerymen. In reconstructin those fateful July days through th keen eyes and buoyant spirits of the boys who rammed home the grape and cannister, Downey makes understandable anew why the Peach Orchard, the Wheatfield, Devil's Den, Little Round Top, and Culp's Hill have become hallowed names.

Even Haskell, I suspect, would have found little of the "chaos of trash and falsehood" in this sparkling narrative. Downey reconstructs his artillerymen in flesh and blood—as men who love their horses, who weep for the loss of a gun, who feel "something awfully solemn in the shriek of a coming shell," and who, given sufficient cannon, stand ready to conquer hell. Downey tells the full story of how at Gettysburg these gunners of the North and South more than earned their keep.

Among all the shrines of the Civil War, year after year Gettysburg probably draws the largest number of visitors. Proximity to large metropolitan areas that make it the objective of a pleasant Sunday outing may provide one explanation. But there is another valid reason for the magnetic attraction of Gettysburg—a deep sense within the American conscience that here the war and history turned, and that Lincoln, dedicating the national cemetery, spoke truly of "a new birth of freedom" won there. To read Haskell, who died at Cr'

Among the Traffic Dead

By Maggie Rennert

A PASSENGER between his daily selves,
this man homing in the evening
never even met his death.

After maybe a bird-twitch nerve-flick
last quick split sense
he died in the twilight hour in a wilted shirt
and a yanked tie, face gritty and fingers newspaper-grimed—
with a polite car-pool for comrades
with any old trifle aslant in his mind
with any old word broken off in his mouth.

This is more death than any man should die.

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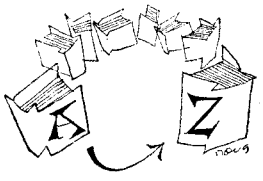
Harbor, and then to read Downey, a thoughtful modern scholar of literary gift, is to comprehend once more why that triumph was neither cheaply nor easily achieved.

BLOCKADE-RUNNERS: Although the Civil War blockade is in itself a galaxy of topics, Robert Carse in his **"Blockade: The Civil War at Sea"** (Rinehart, $5) has singled out a few stars from various constellations, and by tracing their courses has contrived to give the general reader a slight notion of the subject as a whole. To elucidate he has chosen to write about ten or a dozen persons—a few Union and Confederate Naval officers, several blockade-running adventurers recruited from the British Navy and merchant service, a Confederate business magnate who became Davis's Secretary of the Treasury, and the Northern wife of Colonel William Lamb, C.S.N., the commander of Fort Fisher, the strong point which held out longest and whose downfall in February, 1865, closed the last port of entry for blockade-runners.

The book is discursive, meandering, easygoing, and easy-to-read. It emphasizes Fort Fisher, the guardian of Wilmington, N.C., as the main blockade-running base, but we see it chiefly through the reminiscences of the canny John Wilkinson, who chalked up twenty-one successful runs, and through the home letters of Mrs. Lamb, who lived but a few miles from her husband's fort and helped him entertain titled blockade-runners, as well as through letters from Mrs. Lamb's family in Connecticut which had been relayed through Bermuda. Mrs. Lamb's letters, which are in the library of William and Mary at Williamsburg, have been copiously drawn upon by Mr. Carse and constitute the most refreshing part of a book derived almost entirely from well-known published reminiscences.

Aside from Admiral Porter, who played a spectacular role in the capture of Fort Fisher, the book treats only one Union officer, Stephen D. Trenchard, who as a young man in the Civil War served first on a beef boat and later on a small gunboat, hardly enough to suggest the nature of the blockade from the Union point of view. However, the book yields interesting sidelights on the nearby neutral blockading base of Nassau, and on how the British blockade-runners regarded their experience after it was all over: "On the whole," as one of them expressed it, "a rather enjoyable occupation, with something of the zest of yacht racing . . ."

—RICHARD WEST.



Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

A TO Z INCLUSIVE

Here is a complete alphabet of one-word titles, with a scrambled roster of their authors. Lysander Kemp of Jalisco, Mexico, asks you to match titles with authors. Answers on page 35.

1. "Amerika"
2. "Beppo"
3. "Cato"
4. "Dracula"
5. "Exiles"
6. "Frankenstein"
7. "Germinal"
8. "Hesperides"
9. "Incognita"
10. "Jurgen"
11. "Kangaroo"
12. "Loving"
13. "Melincourt"
14. "Nightwood"
15. "Orlando"
16. "Paterson"
17. "Queed"
18. "Rokeby"
19. "Santal"
20. "Trilby"
21. "Underwoods"
22. "Villette"
23. "Williwaw"
24. "Xingu"
25. "Youth"
26. "Zanoni"

( ) Joseph Conrad
( ) Sir Walter Scott
( ) Henry Green
( ) Ben Jonson
( ) Djuna Barnes
( ) Lord Byron
( ) Gore Vidal
( ) Joseph Addison
( ) George du Maurier
( ) Franz Kafka
( ) Mary Shelley
( ) Edward Bulwer-Lytton
( ) Emile Zola
( ) James Joyce
( ) Bram Stoker
( ) William Congreve
( ) Charlotte Brontë
( ) James Branch Cabell
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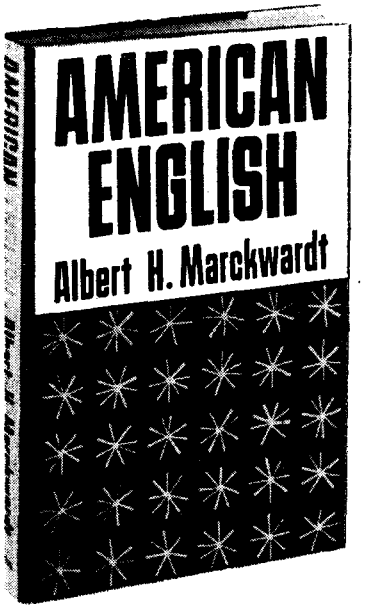

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From Dante to the Novecento

"High Points in the History of Italian Literature," by Domenico Vittorini *(McKay. 307 pp. $4.75), is a collection of essays about Italian writing from Dante to the twentieth century. Our reviewer, Sergio Pacifici, teaches at Yale and has recently published an anthology of contemporary Italian poetry, "The Promised Land."*

By Sergio Pacifici

DOMENICO VITTORINI, professor of Romance languages at the University of Pennsylvania until his recent death and for almost forty years indefatigable commentator on Italian literature, has sought to fill, with this elegant collection of essays, a serious and regrettable lacuna in Italian studies. Indeed, it is something of a shock to realize that all our recent interest in Italy has yielded only a handful of books on her literature, and that Vittorini's volume should be one of the very few brought out since the end of World War II that address themselves primarily to the English-speaking student of Italian letters. Our regret is that the author should have tried to reach the specialist and the general reader alike, for had he chosen to write his essays only for the latter he would have served his cause better.

Twenty-three essays comprise "Highpoints in the History of Italian Literature": of these, seven bear on Dante; three touch on Renaissance matters; one focuses on "Giambattista Vico and Reality," and the remaining twelve deal with a particular phase, movement, or literary figure of the last two centuries. In scope, length, and quality they are uneven: some are mere "notes" of an interpretative character; others may be classified as "historical surveys"; others still are personal reminiscences or quasi-journalistic bits about prominent writers and intellectuals (Deledda, Pirandello, Croce). On the whole, this is a serious book—although we are not completely persuaded that its subject matter deserves its title. It is hard to conceive just *how* certain problems treated in this book (such as, for instance, "Salutati's Letters to the Archbishop of Canterbury") may be construed as being "high points" in the history of Italian literature in any sense except a limited one.

That most of the material included in this volume should not have been brought up to date (and all the essays have appeared over the past three decades in various learned periodicals) is a disconcerting matter, since this failure inevitably diminishes the value and the validity of some of the insights offered. Thus, the chapter "The Novecento" ("The Twentieth Century") in spite of its having been published in 1932, is reproduced here without the slightest revision and correction. Likewise, the essay on Modern Drama (a very long and informative treatment of modern Italian theatre from Romanticism to the Second World War) should have included many playwrights whose works have been enjoying an international success only in the postwar period. The reader who wishes to be informed on the more recent novelists (Soldati, Moravia, Pratolini, *et al.*) or poets (Luzi, Gatto, Quasimodo), or playwrights (Betti, Fabbri, De Filippo) will be especially disappointed by the author's omission of these prominent figures in his survey. Others will look in vain for a detailed account of the many excellent literary magazines and reviews that have made their debut in the last decade.

We are also compelled to register our disappointment with Dr. Vittorini's obstinate unwillingness to consider seriously (and perhaps come to terms with) the criticism of other mature and young students of Italian letters here and abroad. It is unusual today to discuss Dante without having weighed and given ample thought to the perceptive scholarship of the late Erich Auerbach and Dorothy Sayers, Jacques Maritain, Etienne Gilson, Singleton, Fergusson, and Stambler.

Fortunately, serious as these flaws are in so far as the specialist is concerned, they do not detract from the general usefulness of the book. The general reader will often find himself instructed on more than one point of esthetics or literary history, and will also pleasantly discover that literary criticism can often be tolerably good reading. The skilful handling of the material, the unusually clear presentation of complex problems and the intelligent and unassuming tone seem to us to constitute precisely the chief merits of this work; for them, the author deserves great credit.

—Pach Brothers.

Maxwell Geismar—". . . healthier in his approach than many."

Fiction as a Form

"American Moderns," by Maxwell Geismar *(Hill & Wang. 265 pp. $3.95), is a noted literary critic's mid-century survey of writers and writing. Wallace Stegner, who reviews the essays, co-edited "The Writer's Art."*

By Wallace Stegner

IT IS a relief to read a critic who thinks the novel important as a form, worthy of being read, worthy of serious attention. It is pleasant to read one who understands that fiction and its study cannot be dissociated from the social, political, and intellectual currents in which men live as inescapably as fish live in water. One concurs in Mr. Geismar's assertion, though it is sometimes angry and sometimes overstated, that the critics who read literature without reference to the life-conditions from which it springs are literature's enemies, not literature's friends. One must respect Mr. Geismar for being willing to read new novelists and to risk judgment on them.

The scattered parts of "American Moderns" are arranged to develop several themes: the decline of the talent and productivity of older contemporaries such as Hemingway, Faulkner, and Steinbeck; the sad collapse from rebellion to conformity through the 1940s and 1950s; the dominance of the "higher and higher" criticism with its metaphysical and Alexandrian tendencies, and the emergence of a small group of new writers including Salinger, Bellow, Styron, Mailer, Jones, and John Howard Griffin.

Admittedly these might have been developed better in a systematic and

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cohesive volume. Many of these pieces have the somewhat shamefaced underdressed look of newspaper reviews reprinted in company with considered essays. And though, by reprinting the introductions to his editions of Dos Passos, Wolfe, and Dreiser, Mr. Geismar manages to give the volume something of the look of a survey of the century's novelists, it is in no sense so complete a summary nor so searching a study of individual writers as its author's own "Writers in Crisis" and "The Last of the Provincials."

"American Moderns" is a kind of grab-bag book, and some of its weaknesses are related to its grab-bag nature. Admitted that Conformity is a corpse that needs flogging, the spectacle grows tiring when poor old Herman Wouk is dragged out over and over to be whipped. More than Wouk is involved in what Geismar calls "Woukism." Likewise with some others of Geismar's detestations. He castigates without defining "*The New Yorker* School," and grows choleric against the New Critics while including among them people like Harvey Swados, Robert Gorham Davis, and others who might not feel at home in that diocese. I suspect that I am in sympathy with Mr. Geismar's essential position: I only wish he had made his attack more effective by aiming it better.

In these reviews, essays, and introductions there is a curious tendency to ignore dramatic propriety, and to treat a novel's characters as if they spoke with the author's mouth. If they forget their responsibilities, Mr. Geismar lectures them; if he disagrees with them, he scolds them or sets them straight. With Jewish writers he is inclined to be critical on other than literary grounds. Bellow he praises for dealing responsibly with his tradition, but Salinger offends him for not being Jewish enough, and Wouk for evading his Jewish tradition.

To complete the list of cavils, Mr. Geismar is a dedicated, even evangelical, Freudian, and in these scattered pieces where ideas inevitably repeat themselves the evangelical quality becomes almost strident. A novelist cannot put two people to bed without drawing a sermon on the healthfulness and pleasure of the sex act. It is hard not to agree, but one wonders why it must be so insisted upon. If a novelist shows himself prudish, here comes the sermon from Mr. Geismar. If he is prurient, here it comes; deviant, here it comes; repressed, here it comes. More than that, Freudian formulas are often used as a Rosetta Stone to unlock the secrets of novels.

The weaknesses of "American Moderns" are to some degree present in Mr. Geismar's more pondered books as well. Nevertheless, one returns to the original mood of concurrence: this is a critic who likes novels, respects the form, reads. Especially his essays on Salinger, Bellow, Jones, Styron, and Griffin deserve our respect, though they may not have our unanimous agreement. For Mr. Geismar is doing what not enough critics do; he is treating the novel as a living and developing form that reflects the real social and economic and political and intellectual world, and not as a gem to be studied with a watchglass in the eye. Even when I consider him wrong, I think Mr. Geismar is healthier in his approach than many.

Pick of the Paperbacks

THE ABODE OF LOVE. *By Aubrey Menen. Pocket Books.* 25¢. A witty account of the Victorian clergyman, Henry James Prince, who commandeered a harem in an English country manor.

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Fiction

Continued from page 21

life in the strict little village school and helping in his father's shop afterwards could never provide a comparable excitement. Almost by accident, Raju became a tourist guide. "Although I never looked for acquaintances, they somehow came looking for me." Travelers from the train would stop at his shop for a soda or cigarettes, "and almost always they asked, 'How far . . . is . . .?' or 'Which way does one go to reach . . .?' " It wasn't in Raju's nature to say he didn't know. Without really meaning to lie, he found himself claiming a knowledge of historical sites which he had never visited, views he had never seen, excursions he had never made. He became a magnificent tourist guide, until he was employed by a brooding amateur archeologist, married to a dancer called Rosie.

Raju falls helplessly in love with the unappreciated Rosie, and together they start out on an ambitious, changing life of dance recitals, fame, and constant travel, with Rosie the pampered star and Raju the hard-headed impresario. Raju is defeated in this career, but not by any of the perils one might expect. It is Rosie's unconquerable Hindu wish to be accepted by her husband, her continuing sense of the wickedness of their life that Raju cannot combat. He loses her, and through a minor forgery, accidentally discovered, finds himself in jail.

We meet him first when he has just been released and is sitting on a river bank outside a temple where he has taken shelter, wondering what to do. (The background of his story is told in a series of brilliantly integrated flashbacks.) There he is found by a local villager and mistaken for a holy man. Raju's old urge to answer questions, to help, rises again, and he soon finds himself accepted as a *guru* to be consulted about any problem, an "enlightened one" with disciples, a wise, experienced, and disinterested man—a saint. A saint who is suddenly expected to perform a miracle.

The end of his story, his efforts to escape from this role, the duties that the role forces on him, and the dénouement of Raju's dilemma, I leave to the reader to discover for himself. Mr. Narayan's narrative has so much of the mounting suspense of a good detective story that you can read it through rapidly with an amused and lively appreciation. Only afterwards do you begin to consider the profound and disturbing questions the author has raised.

The White Flannels

"A Summer Place," by Sloan Wilson *(Simon & Schuster. 369 pp. $4.50), goes to show that in Maine, even as in ancient Greece, the sins of the parents may be visited upon the children.*

By Ben Ray Redman

NOT having read "The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit," I cannot compare the merits of this new Sloan Wilson novel with those of its best-selling predecessor, but "A Summer Place," viewed in isolation, may be described fairly as a fat package of popular fiction, put together by a manufacturer who appears to be perfectly acquainted with the demands of the market place. It is a chronicle of American life, covering three generations and several families, written in terms that will be pleasantly familiar to lovers of radio serials.

The story has been plotted with architectural care, the characters are old friends, the author moves easily from drama to melodrama and back again without shifting gears, and he shows the same nice attention to realistic detail that is exhibited by those writers of detective stories who never fail to tell us when a character lights a cigarette, "cradles a phone," or "creams" his coffee. Only readers who believe that fiction should mak legitimate rather than spurious demands on both emotions and intelligence will find "A Summer Place" difficult to read; and only those who are utterly devoid of a sense of humor will fail to derive from it entertainment of one kind or another.

The place of Mr. Wilson's title is Pine Island, Maine. "There it stood, the only island in sight, with its Gothic cliffs defying the combers rolling in across the North Atlantic." For a good many years before the opening of our tale Pine Island has been owned and incorporated by a dozen or so families from various parts of the United States. "The descendants or successors of these families gathered there during July and August to renew old friendships and enmities." In short, the Islanders considered themselves, and were, a tightly closed corporation. But "outsiders" cannot always be kept outside, even by the most exclusive societies, and it was the arrival of two outsiders on the Island that began the time of troubles with which Mr. Wilson's history is so passionately and ex citingly concerned. One of these outsiders was named Ken Jorgenson, and he was a fine upstanding young man. The other was named Sylvia Raymond, and she was a fine downlying girl.

The meeting of Ken and Sylvia was an electric contact that lit the fuse of an explosive chain of events hardly less momentous than those for which the House of Atreus is so deservedly famous. In Maine, as in ancient Greece, the sins of the parents may be visited upon the children. And the children of Ken and Sylvia and Bart (Bart Hunter, a real insider and the third angle of a triangle) were in for a rough time of it. Like the once popular heroine of a once popular novelist, who described himself as the Armenian the Turks forgot, these children were destined to be "let off nothing."

" 'We are all damned,' Sylvia said in a flat voice."

But, I am happy to report, young love triumphs in the end, and we are left with the pretty penultimate picture of everyone hugging everyon else, "saying it was everybody's faul and no one's fault, and the crying got mixed up with the laughter of sudden relief." Which is, of course, exactly the way in which all good fairy tales should end.

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A Soldier's Soul

***"The Sergeant," by Dennis Murphy** (Viking. 254 pp. $3.50), is a first novel by a young Californian about the spiritual struggle of an American soldier, torn between a French girl and his domineering master sergeant.*

By Roger H. Smith

"THE SERGEANT," the first novel by twenty-five-year-old Californian Dennis Murphy, comes with warm endorsements on the jacket from three writers generally associated with the West Coast literary scene: John Steinbeck, Mark Schorer, and Wallace Stegner. Their enthusiasm is justified, far beyond the call of geographical loyalties.

Action in "The Sergeant" takes place at a post-World War II U.S. Army camp in France—a corrosive tarpaper-and-mud petroleum storage depot—and in the neighboring city of Bordeaux. There are three main characters: Private Tom Swanson; the French girl, Solange, and the title character, Master Sergeant Callan. Swanson is a post-high school, pre-college draftee—young, athletic, naïve. Solange, whom he falls in love with, is surpassingly beautiful and kind, so extraordinary that she is almost unreal. Callan, a product of the peacetime Army and a much-decorated war hero, is able by his very presence to exert enormous, warped power; the inherent sadism which made him a hero in war makes him a shrike in a military system which is not, at the moment, engaged in war.

To readers who have followed postwar fiction, such a setting and such characters will not be unfamiliar. The success of "The Sergeant" as a novel lies in its ability to make us believe in characters and situations which, in clumsier hands, might appear stereotyped. This is doubly impressive when we consider that the book is in the Gothic tradition, a genre which creates a world of its own and which requires some suspension of belief on the reader's part. With the possible exception of the idyllic Solange, little suspension of belief is asked of readers of "The Sergeant."

The novel is about the struggle for Swanson's soul—between his love for Solange and his unwilling attraction to the Sergeant, with whom Swanson is too inexperienced to cope. Principally, the action concerns the Sergeant's attacks on Swanson's integrity as a person—from contact to courtship to debauchery to the explosive ending. The climax is at once a resolution and a beginning. Unlike some of its Gothic cousins, "The Sergeant" is not a novel of despair. It is tense and compelling, and most readers will, I predict, devour it at one sitting.

While this book was still a work-in-progress it earned its author the first grant made under the scholarship program established by critics and publishers in memory of Joseph Henry Jackson. It marks a fine beginning for the plan to carry on that celebrated newspaper critic's life work of encouraging writers in his native California.

DOWN ON THE LEVEE: The evil of imperialism, said Mr. Forster in "A Passage to India," is not that it inflicts poverty upon the governed but that it wretchedly falsifies the lives of both the conquered and the conquerors. And that, with a difference, defines Peter S. Feibleman's theme in **"A Place Without Twilight"** (World, $4.75), an extraordinarily good novel about the Morrises, a Negro family in New Orleans. It is, in a sense, the story of the daughter, Lucille, who struggles against the fear of life that has imprisoned her family. Whereas Mr. Forster's weapons were wit and logic proceeding from an intelligence rather than from the heart, Mr. Feibleman watches his people with a deeply imaginative compassion.

The author's ability to move within the world of his people is most impressive. His figures are not the demonic wraiths of dark mythology, but people whose consciousness of experience is in kind like that any one of us carries in his waking life. Clarence Morris, the too handsome exploiter of the unnatural vices: the fierce cast-iron mother, Celeste the "existentialist," Jewel, a very likeable whore, perhaps out of Defoe, or maybe Villon—all are real. The portrait of Cille, through whom the author tells the first-person story, has all the depth required to give us the sense of a hidden and corrosive realization beneath the good sense and warmth of the girl.

I do not know any other account of a Southern Negro family that surpasses the First Movement of "A Place Without Twilight" in giving a sense of the breathing presence of the characters. Perhaps the narrative falters a little in midpassage, yet certainly it gathers strength once more long before the strong-minded end of this remarkable first novel.

—RALPH BATES

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column two should read: 25, 18, 12, 21, 14, 2, 23, 3, 20, 1, 6, 26, 7, 5, 4, 9, 22, 10, 24, 8, 17, 13, 11, 16, 15, 19.

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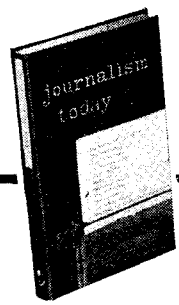

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Victims of Success

Continued from page 14

the professions are so large and elaborate that more and more the professional schools prefer that the young learn special skills in college or in the professional school rather than in the high school. Industry, business, college, and professional schools unite in urging the desirability of thorough training in elementary skills in the high schools of today and tomorrow, and the key word here is thorough.

IT is entirely possible that an abandonment of many of the extracurricular activities of the high school and a concentration on academic activities might hasten one badly needed change: the reduction by one year, or more, of the time ordinarily devoted to preparation for college or for industry or business.

It was (characteristically) an American, John Fiske, who hit upon the important social law of the prolongation of infancy as one of the human habits that explained not only civilization but morality. Americans have, perhaps, carried the practice to excess. A rich nation can doubtless afford financially the prolongation of childhood and youth well into the twenties; but a sensible people will not permit the growing waste of years and of talents involved in our current educational practices.

We are, in a sense, prisoners of the nineteenth-century habit of thinking of education in terms of twelve years. There is nothing sacred about twelve years, whether divided into eight and four or into six and three and three, nor for that matter is there anything sacred about the additional four years we customarily devote to the university. Other societies have not allowed themselves to become bemused by this chronological arrangement, and have not suffered for their independence. There is every reason now for speeding up the educational process, and getting young men and women into production as rapidly as possible. Military service will exact one or two years of the lives of our young men; the demands of professional training are ever more time-consuming; the nation desperately needs the talents and the energy of the young; the costs that society has to pay for maintaining the young in school are immense; the young themselves are revolting against the prolongation of infancy, and marrying and rearing families in their early twenties. How much longer can we go on accepting four years as the norm for secondary education?

As the high school is released—or releases itself—from responsibility for many of the extraneous duties placed upon it in the nineteenth century, it can devote more time to academic duties. As teachers are better trained, students better prepared, and new techniques for speeding up the teaching and learning processes developed and applied, the high schools may well be expected to do in three years—perhaps in two—what they now do in four.

I suspect that, if they did, those who now go on to college would enter with more enthusiasm for learning than they now have, and that many of those who find it necessary to go to work at eighteen would be able to enjoy one or two years of college work—and maybe find that so delightful that they would somehow manage to stay on! I know the general conclusion cannot be drawn from special cases, but it is at least interesting that Jefferson graduated from William and Mary at nineteen; Gouverneur Morris from Kings at sixteen, and Jay from Kings at nineteen; Hancock from Harvard at seventeen; Sam Adams from Harvard at eighteen; Emerson from Harvard at eighteen, and Charles W. Eliot at nineteen, while the first president of the University of Chicago, William Rainey Harper, graduated from Muskingum College at fifteen and received his Ph.D. from Yale when he was eighteen!

Educators, then, must emancipate themselves from the notion that they are to reflect the interests of society rather than guide them, that they must cater to community prejudices as well as to community interests, that they are somehow bound by the educational mechanics of the past. They should emancipate themselves, too, from one psychotic fear whose roots go back into the Old World: the fear of becoming financially involved with the national government.

For reasons familiar to all of us, our schools were, from the beginning, controlled by district, town, and state rather than by nation. This was, and is, all to the good, for it made it impossible for any government or any party to use the schools of the nation as a political instrument. We have assumed that local and state—or private—control cannot be retained if the national government helps foot the bill. This assumption is both illogical and pernicious. It is illogical because it flies in the face of experience with national support to state universities and to agricultural experiment stations, and national support to a whole series of scholarly, scientific, and artistic enterprises such as the Library of Congress, the National Archives, the National Gallery, the U. S. Geological Survey, the Coast and Geodetic Survey, the Bureau of Standards, the Smithsonian Institution, and so forth—all of them largely dependent on Federal money but happily free from Federal control of their substantive activities.

It is pernicious because it inevitably condemns large groups of our children—those who reside in poor states—to an education inferior to that enjoyed by children in rich states. Nor is this a matter that concerns the states alone. The vote of a badly-educated young man or woman counts just as much as the vote of a well-educated young man or woman; both alike vote for Congressmen and for the President, and therefore decide national questions of concern to everyone.

Fear of political interference in education is deep-seated; and understandable. But so far as the record shows, the national government has not been more guilty than local or state governments of interference with intellectual freedom; it has been less guilty. The task of educators is not to bewail the inadequacy of local funds and fight to the death against the threat of Federal appropriations which may carry with them improper controls; it is to find whatever money is necessary to do the job of education as it should be done, and to educate legislators and administrators, local and national alike, to the perils of improper interference. There is no conclusive evidence that it cannot be done; if there were we might despair not so much of our educational system as of our democracy. It has been done in Britain, Denmark, Sweden, Holland, and elsewhere. It has scarcely been tried in our country, and it is time American educators abandoned the unmanly practice of scaring themselves out of their wits with the bugaboo of national politics, and addressed themselves to the task of educating and civilizing the political processes.

What this requires is, above all, self-discipline. We must discipline ourselves not to impose non-intellectual patterns upon our schools; not to indulge our vanity by requiring that schools faithfully reflect the society and economy which we have created; not to interfere too insistently with academic functions and activities of schools; not to exploit our schools or our children for our entertainment, or for our sentiment, or our greed; not to make schools easy vehicles for indoctrination of national or economic doctrines, not to impair the inherited shibboleths about centralization or socialism to becloud our vision of an education available to all, of whatever section, state, color, or faith.

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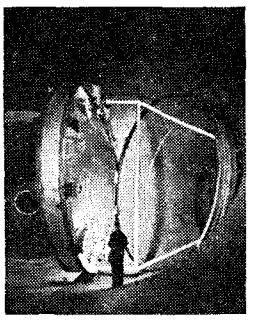

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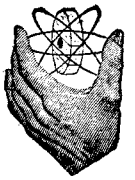

DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Personality Portrait--XXVI • Science in Books • The Research Frontier

ARTICLES: The Survival of the Finest

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

MR. SMITHSON'S SPACE STATION

SPACE stations have become a significant variable in the future plans of American industry. The eight-foot steel cone model built for the Air Force Office of Scientific Research by Litton Industries of Beverly Hills, California, and pictured on *SR*'s cover this week (through the courtesy of Astronautics, journal of the American Rocket Society) is one of many earthbound prototypes. It is unusual only in that men and materials can be tested together within its vacuum. The men survive by wearing a special suit—the tailor's equivalent of a vacuum bottle—from which carbon dioxide, moisture and body heat are drawn in exchange for ingoing oxygen. Neither this nor any other satelloid will be ready to go up tomorrow. Some time will pass before any interplanetary structure qualifies as a conservative real estate investment.

When Mr. Smithson put up his money in England on October 23, 1826, the situation was far more equivocal. Space stations were sheer blue sky speculations. But Mr. Smithson was a gambler. He bet compulsively, as some men wench, as others drink, as some lug typewriters on buses, trains and airplanes. No documents survive to tell why he chose the longest shot of his life. Anyhow, the New World that he paid for space in seemed at the time to be a conventional two-dimensional surface with a chunk of unknown below. Not until 1958 did anyone clearly see that the property he ordered in his will actually extends in a fourth direction the whole way up through and beyond Earth's atmosphere and has within its bounds a structure with every right to be called "Mr. Smithson's Space Station."

Were it not for Mr. Smithson's gamble, the new National Aeronautics and Space Agency which Congress is now considering on President Eisenhower's recommendation would lack a base of operations.

Mr. Smithson (his first name was James) would almost certainly have enthused over the outcome of the investment made in his name. The notion of gadding about the sky, sampling the northern lights, collecting meteorites and examining the texture of sunbeams, would trigger drool from his omniverous curiosity. Chemistry fascinated him in life, and he inherited wealth enough (but not a legitimate name) from the Scottish Percys and Henry VII's line to humor the enchantment. He roved the continent of Europe with a portable laboratory, analyzing every new flower that bloomed in his sight and every new stone that lay in his path, experimenting now in search of Earth's origin, then in search of the nature of colors of vegetables and insects, and again in search of a better cup of coffee. No event was too unexpected, no circumstance too inhibiting to break his quest of the unknown. On one occasion he noticed a tear beginning to slide down a lady's cheek. Instead of offering his handkerchief, he picked up a crystal goblet, pressed it against her loveliness, caught the remaining half-drag of her emotion, submitted it to chemical reagents and discovered "microscopic salt . . . muriate of soda and . . . three or four other saline substances."

Perhaps because of the degree of his dedication to pursuit of such investigations, Mr. Smithson never married. He left his fortune to a nephew and stipulated that if the nephew had heirs, the money should pass to them. Then came the gamble. If the nephew had no heirs, "I then bequeath the whole of my property . . . to the United States of America, to be found at Washington . . . an Establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men."

Mr. Smithson died in 1829. His nephew also died heirless. On December 6, 1838, the U.S. Congress heard formal advice of the windfall's arrival in a message of state from President Martin van Buren. The fortune was in gold, half a million old-fashioned dollars' worth of it. But Congress was preoccupied. The Panic of 1837 had hit its nadir. American industry's output was expanded beyond the immediate capacity of its markets (a spectacular exaggeration of the situation which exists today) and the canals weren't paying off (as the railroads aren't now). Besides, the profound domestic issue in American politics those days was States Rights versus a strong Federalism. A national bank had been beaten down as a threat of overpowering centralization. To many politicians an "Establishment" owned by the United States and charged with "increase and diffusion of knowledge among men" could mean only one thing: a national university. Would not such a creation embody tacit acceptance of the Federalist principle rejected in the bank debate?

Van Buren left the White House, William Henry Harrison moved in and died there, John Tyler assumed the Presidency and completed his term. Congress wrangled on while canal bonds, in which Smithson's gold had been invested for safekeeping, depreciated scandalously. Finally, twenty years after the chance-loving British chemist had

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written his will, the Congress quashed a last ditch State Rights move to return the bequest to England. In 1846, President James Polk signed a law authorizing the establishment of the Smithsonian Institution.

Fortunately for us who are today making the first tentative explorations beyond Earth's atmospheric envelope, an adventure infinitely more titillating in its excitements than the voyage of Columbus that gave Mr. Smithson a site for his property, the Smithsonian Institution rose in the midst of American science at a time when science was enjoying popular prestige. The hottest news of the day was Samuel F. B. Morse's patent on the telegraph, which derived from principles of electromagnetism discovered by the brilliant young physicist Joseph Henry. The Smithsonian board of regents commanded the membership not only of three U. S. Senators and three U. S. Congressmen but the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court and the Vice President of the nation. Even more significant, the regents were able to summon as the Institution's guiding secretary the electromagnetics scholar who ranked second to Ben Franklin in American science up to that day. Joseph Henry had indeed gone Franklin one better by flying a kite with wires that picked up electricity from the air in a cloudless sky, and it was truly said of this young man that he "loved truth for its own sake."

In view of the work that satellite successors to *The Explorer* and *The Vanguard* are scheduled to do for science, there is a tingle of prophecy in some of the advice Henry inherited from the Congressional debate over the use of Smithson's money. John Quincy Adams had dreamed of "lighthouses *of* the sky"; that is to say, astronomical observatories. James F. Espy, of Philadelphia, saw valuable advantages in "simultaneous meteorological observations all over the Union." Adams ridiculed Espy as "the storm breeder" and political opponents almost ruined Adams by imputing to him belief in "lighthouses *in* the sky"—a notion which today seems the sanest common sense.

Joseph Henry not only believed in lighthouses in the sky; he tried to put them up there. He supported the historic balloon experiments of the Civil War, so added a third dimension to the battlefield—and, incidentally, came sufficiently close to Abe Lincoln to influence the creation of the National Academy of Science. Henry also initiated the first organized effort to chart happenings outside Earth's atmosphere by methodically recording changes in the atmosphere itself as evidenced by the daily weather. Already the Institution was preparing itself for the name, Mr. Smithson's Space Station, though no one thought of it in those words.

Ten years is but a moment in the long story of man's curiosity. Before that moment had fully passed after Henry's death, an astronomer who followed him in the secretary's post had designed a bolometer—an especially sensitive type of thermometer—to measure the heat of the sun. Instead of registering degrees of temperature, this device recorded infinitesimal units which in time were called *langleys* in recognition of the bolometer's inventor, Samuel Pierpont Langley.

In studying the sun's heat, Langley had to use Earth's atmosphere. In studying the atmosphere, he became convinced as early as 1891 that engines then in existence were powerful enough to lift a machine off the ground and fly it above the Earth. Such was his stature that his mere statement of belief prompted a philanthropist to give the Smithsonian $142,000, the interest from investment of which was intended to finance research "on atmospheric air in connection with the welfare of man." By 1893, Langley was further convinced that regular pulsations which he observed in the wind would enable a machine to fly against the wind.

In 1896, the Langley experiments in "aerodromics" culminated in the catapulting of a thirteen-foot-long steam-driven airplane from the top of a houseboat above a half mile of the Potomac River before the engine stopped and the plane fell. After a larger model, also launched by catapult, had flown three-quarters of a mile under its own power, Langley said confidently, "the great universal highway overhead is soon to be opened."

But when, at the outbreak of the Spanish-American War in 1898, the War Department expressed interest in the possibility of a plane that could do battle, Langley couldn't find an automobile engine builder in Europe who thought a plane could carry enough pistons to keep it aloft. The motor Langley had built for himself in the Smithsonian's own machine shop landed in the Potomac in 1903 "like a handful of mortar." Modern aircraft makers would write off such a mishap as due to "bugs" and proceed with other experimental models. Optimistic Langley had held the demonstration publicly, however, on the strength of his earlier successes, and newspaper editors of the time responded as hysterically as later ones did to the first failure of *The Vanguard* rocket. "Langley's Folly," the

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headlines screeched, and Langley went home on the night of the fiasco to hide his disappointment by telling fairy tales. Nine days later, the brothers Orville and Wilbur Wright, safe from critics among the lonely sand dunes of Kitty Hawk, flew only 120 feet compared to Langley's three-fourths of a mile. But *a man was aboard* their craft.

Langley died not too long thereafter, some say of grief. Behind him he left the man who had called his "aerodromics" to President William McKinley's notice in 1898. This convert to man's invasion of the air, Charles D. Walcott, became the Smithsonian secretary. And it was on his initiative that the Institution was pushed so far out into the sky that it became Mr. Smithson's Space Station.

The airplane has been a commonplace for so many years now, and we are yet so unaccustomed to think seriously of waystations for space travel, that it is difficult to believe that *space science* was underway *only five years after the first plane flight of the Wright brothers.* Nevertheless, it is true that in 1908 an impetuous physics professor named Robert Hutchins Goddard was filling the basement of the Worcester Polytechnic Institute in Massachusetts with such strangling billows of acrid smoke hat he was formally requested to stop playing with those infernal rockets.

Though rockets had been in use for more than 700 years, Goddard was first to try to drive them high into the Earth's atmosphere, to study the weather. No matter how fiercely his experiments stank, he persisted. By 1912, his mathematical calculations persuaded him that a relatively small amount of fuel could carry a heavily loaded vehicle far up into the sky if the rockets were properly built.

He experimented for four years, then ran out of money. His only remaining resource was his laboratory at Clark University. What he lacked in fund-raising experience, however, he made up in earnestness and enthusiasm. And he turned in a direction that had previously proved hospitable to earnest, enthusiastic young men. He wrote out his big idea and mailed it to Walcott, who, by one of those inscrutable coincidences that punctuate history, had already unwittingly engaged himself in the space travel business through another venture: the new National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, which is today President Eisenhower's choice for America's civilian space agency.

Merely by way of example, Goddard mentioned in his prospectus to Walcott that it should be possible to fire a rocket that would reach

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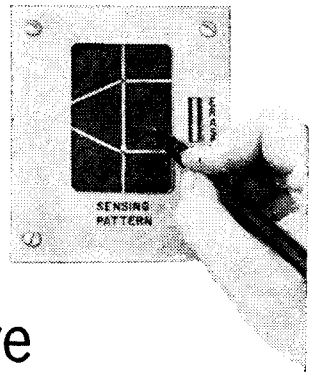
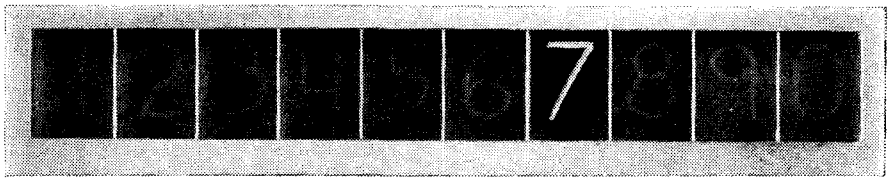


and read it here



on new Bell Labs machine

A new device invented at Bell Laboratories "reads" a numeral while it is being written and instantly converts it into distinctive electric signals. The signals may be employed to make a numeral light up in a display panel, as above, or they may be sent to a computer or to a magnetic "memory" for storage.

The writing is done with a metal stylus on a specially prepared surface. Two dots, one above the other, are used as reference points. Seven sensitized lines extend radially from the dots. Transistorized logic circuits recognize numerals according to which lines are crossed.

The concept of a number-reader has interesting possibilities as a new means of communication from humans to machines. For example, in an adjunct to a telephone, it might provide inexpensive means of converting handwritten data into signals which machines can read. The signals could be transmitted through the regular telephone network to a teletypewriter or computer at a distant point. In this way, a salesman might quickly and easily furnish sales data to headquarters, or a merchant might order goods from a warehouse.

Modern communication involves many more fields of inquiry than the transmission and reception of sound. The experimental number-reader is but one example of Bell Telephone Laboratories work to improve communications service.

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the Moon. If the cargo were 13.82 "or less" pounds of flash powder, the rocket's impact would be "strikingly visible" to observers on Earth.

"This plan," he wrote drily, "although a matter of much general interest, is not of obvious scientific importance."

Whether Walcott was affected by the weather or by the Moon, he replied warmly. How much money did Goddard need? This response was so unexpectedly generous that the rocketeer cut his real requirements in half. He got the sum he named: $5,000. Later he got $6,000 more. So it was that on the picayune total of $11,000 of Smithsonian funds the science of modern rocketry was born.

Copies of the Smithsonian report of Goddard's work were available in the public libraries of Germany at the time Herman Oberth began to write his now famous book. *The Rocket into Interplanetary Space.* Oberth discussed space flight as a practical possibility rather than as the scientific curiosity Goddard considered it. The resulting space travel craze in Hitler's realm enlisted Wernher von Braun among the rocket "aficionados." The rest of the story, from the V2s of Peenamunde to the man-made moons of Cape Canaveral, is now familiar to millions who, upon hearing mention of Mr. Smithson's Space Station, would ask: "Smithson? Which Mr. Smithson?"

• • •

ON THE old theory that a picture speaks with the power of a thousand words, we rely on our masthead photograph (page 37) to tell the story of how the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics has grown since its establishment by Congress in 1915. What seems to be shown is the massive door of a huge bank vault. Actually, it is merely a valve in one of NACA's three windtunnels. Twenty-four feet across, it helps to regulate the air flow through a plane and rocket testing apparatus at the Lewis Flight Propulsion Laboratory in Cleveland, Ohio. NACA has complementary research facilities at the Langley Aeronautical Laboratory on Langley Field, Va., and the Ames Aeronautical Laboratory on Moffett Field, Calif. It takes a $100-million-a-year budget to run these and other paraphernalia of the agency which is charged with responsibility to "supervise and direct the scientific study of the problems of flight, with a view to their practical solution . . . and to direct and conduct research and experiment in aeronautics."

Five hundred experts serve without compensation on the twenty-eight technical subcommittees through which NACA coordinates the great complex of American air research. These men represent the military, civilian government agencies, universities and other independent scientific institutions (among them is Leonard Carmichael, incumbent secretary of the parent Smithsonian Institution), and private industrial concerns. Work has been done on "the mechanics and problems of space" including the establishment of "a concept of a suitable manned test vehicle" since 1952. Last fall NACA chairman James Doolittle appointed a special committee on space technology headed by MIT's Associate Engineering Dean H. Guyford Stever. Its roster includes rocketman Wernher von Braun, Bell Labs' top research mathematician Hendrik Bode, Lockheed's Louis N. Ridenour and medical research specialist W. Randolph Lovelace II among others. Out of their deliberations late in April came a report to Congress by NACA director Hugh Dryden, who proposed a National Aeronautics and Space agency budget somewhere between $100 million and $300 million above NACA's current $100-million-a-year spending.

"My own feeling . . . is that, today, we just don't know enough to predict with accuracy how much or how little of military value will accrue (from space research)," he testified. "Instead of seeking in these beginning minutes of the space age to determine in great detail the full range of future military uses of space vehicles, we might better concentrate our efforts on the many, massive problems that require solution for us to explore our solar system.

"One . . . project we would like to begin as quickly as possible would be development of a satellite capable of carrying, in orbit, an astronomical telescope (shades of John Quincy Adams!) and the auxiliary equipment necessary to send to Earth the pictures taken through the 'scope. . . . It is possible to construct a telescope of useful size, together with its supporting equipment, to be carried in an orbiting satellite weighing a ton or so." He explained that he was thinking of a rocket with "a million pounds of thrust" and a blunt-nosed vehicle "if we are content to attempt recovery after landing 'somewhere in the Pacific'; if greater landing precision on return to Earth is desired, then the vehicle must have wings. "I would expect," he concluded, "that the journeys of man-carrying space craft to Mars and Venus certainly will come much later. . . ."

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

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THE SURVIVAL OF THE FINEST

A Nobel Prize Geneticist Finds New Hope in Evolution

Prof. Hermann Muller reports that the molecules symbolized below transmit spiritual along with physical attributes.

By HERMANN J. MULLER

BY SOMETHING of value we mean, of course, something desirable, to be striven for, and from the attainment of which we presumably derive satisfaction. The value of a thing, in other words, is its property of being desirable. By these definitions, all animals that can pursue conscious purposes recognize values in given situations, values partly built in as such and partly channelized and modified by experiences. Of animals on this earth, however, probably only man has reached the stage of pondering over values, and singling them out by speech symbols. And so only he has attempted classifications for grouping things of related value together and has arranged these groups in hierarchies, with higher rank accorded to those expressing certain general psychological principles, such as heroism or truth. Nevertheless, even the nonhuman animal, like the young child, often acts according to much the same principles without abstracting them.

When the matter is regarded in this way, it becomes evident that values are as legitimate a subject of scientific investigation as any other phenomena pertaining to living things. In fact, it is imperative that they be investigated by scientific methods if we would seek greater clarity and assurance regarding our own aims and if we would order and shape these aims in such wise as to attain, in human living, a deeper sense of fulfillment. The pursuit of this project, however, has unfortunately been hampered by the prevalence of two tenets that are incompatible with it. The earlier, historically, of these tenets holds that values for man are properly determined only by some higher authority, external to him. The second tenet, often thought of as an alternative to the first and yet related and reconcilable with it, holds that, for each individual, questions of value are purely his own private matter. My discussion is not directed to those who are irrevocably committed to either of these views.

There are no grounds in evolution theory for regarding the likes and dislikes of nonhuman animals, their emotional reactions and drives, or their resultant desires and values, as being determined by processes any different in essentials from the evolutionary mechanisms whereby their other characteristics were laid down. The same principles of blind mutation, genetic recombination, and natural selection as have been inferred to underlie the evolution of other physiological as well as morphological peculiarities are equally applicable to the genesis and establishment of the so-called affective traits. It is therefore not surprising that the present-day emotional and affective equipment of any species provides the basis for an intricately interrelated web of responses that are all nicely adjusted to the service of the same major end —species survival and expansion— even as is true of all other bodily functions.

This by no means implies that each species is constructed in the best possible way for leading its own kind of life in its own kind of niche nor even that there is any one best way for doing so. For of course the products of evolution, although displaying within themselves amazing coordination, are patchworks thrown together bit by bit without long-range foresight. Time and again they have had to be remodeled opportunistically, in one small way after another, as new emergencies or opportunities have arisen. Undoubtedly, if the organisms could have been made from blueprints designed from the first to enable them to lead their present types of lives under their present circumstances, diverse disharmonies, indirections, and complexities that are now incorporated solidly in their structures could have been avoided, with considerable gain in effectiveness.

Science is at present woefully far from a detailed analysis of these matters. It has been generally conceded that in insects there are a multitude of highly particularized and often intricate patterns of behavior that are to a very large extent genetically determined. Reactions of fish and birds are more open to modification by experience. In the case of mammals, it has been widely held that the genetic behavior patterns are less specific, both in regard to their instigating stimuli and to their methods of response, and that in man they have virtually disappeared, to make way for reactions determined almost completely by experience.

CLOSER scrutiny shows, however, that despite the enormous increase in the effectiveness and complexity of associations in man, his nature provides him with a great number of unlearned predilections and aversions. These range from those on a purely sensory level, such as a liking for sweets and fragrances, feelings of softness and smoothness, warmth, harmonies, color combinations and a dislike for their opposites, to those on a perceptual and perhaps even a conceptual level.

Of course perceptions and conceptions are gained only by learning. For example, it requires considerable experience, analysis, and association of sensations and perceptions before one arrives at the concept of one's self and of other selves. Yet it seems much as if there were a mechanism lying in wait to attach positive affective values to these concepts when or shortly after they appear, thereby resulting in feelings of egotism and so-

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ciability. Perhaps this effect represents only the combination of the values already attached to the components of the concept, plus those later added by association. However that may be, self-esteem may become developed much more strongly in one person than in another even though the experiences of the two seem to have been essentially similar.

WE are far from understanding the built-in mechanisms by which such results come about. It would be presumptuous and fatuous, in our present ignorance, to attempt even to list or classify the numberless inherent affective tendencies—that is, natural predilections and aversions—observable in man. It should be noted, however, that in those classifications that include only a few general categories, such as fear, anger, love, and curiosity, each item really represents a complex group of natural tendencies that are in some manner related. For instance, sexual love is very complex in its inherent basis, and although it has elements in common with or similar to those in the parental, filial, and communal forms of attachment, it is misleading to represent it as differentiated from the others solely as a result of experience. Moreover, there are many affective tendencies that do not fit any general category, such as those that participate in our multiform experiences of beauty and revulsion, or of exhilaration and depression.

Finally, it should be realized that, contrary to the assumption of some authors, the fact that a given psychological trait appears later than at birth by no means affords evidence that it is purely an acquirement gained by experience. Inherent affective traits, like all other characteristics of organisms, tend not to attain manifestation before a given stage peculiar to that trait.

Of course, the subjective ends of a creature may be far from purely selfish. Darwin pointed out that natural selection is not just a tooth-and-claw struggle. Insofar as cooperative behavior furthers survival, natural selection has promoted emotional bonds and a spirit of service among members of the same family and the same community. However, this form of selection is limited to situations in which an individual, in helping others, by these very acts somehow assists in the survival of its own genes or of the same or similarly acting genes in the other individuals—that is, genes of the type that led to these cooperative acts. Obviously the nurturing and protection of the young belongs in this category, since the individual is thereby fostering genes derived from itself.

Fortunately for the mammals, their mammary glands provided a ready means of nourishing the young, and thus laid the physical basis upon which a high development of all the maternal impulses, including especially maternal love, became practicable. It is evident that in many cases some extension, with suitable modifications, of these feelings and modes of response to the relations between father and young, father and mother, and finally among all immediate relatives, must have proved helpful to the propagation of the genes concerned in these developments. From then on, genetic variations leading to associations among families, and to a partial extension of the affective family ties to the other members of the community, were rewarded by enhanced survival and multiplication. All this meant a step-by-small-step development of the genetic bases of social feelings and behavior—that is, of the complex sometimes comprised under the term *brotherly love*.

It is important to note a self-limiting feature of the genetic process underlying this development. So long as the communities are small, variants having genes that predispose them to helping the members of other families will be able appreciably to foster the survival and spread of their community as a whole. This community, being small and interrelated, will usually contain a higher proportion of genes of the type in question, that lead to this cooperative action, than another community in which there is less cooperation and which is therefore less successful. Thus the cooperative individual tends to further the survival and spread of genes like his own even though he himself is sacrificed. However, as this very process and the cultural evolution attending it cause these groups to grow larger, the power of this strictly *inter*-group selection diminishes. Perhaps the resultant slowing down on natural selection for social traits affords a partial interpretation of the relatively low development of the broader social impulses in present-day man.

—*Wide World*

HERMANN J. MULLER'S Nobel Prize winning inquiries into genetics have won him fame far beyond his home campus at Indiana University. An exhaustive treatment of his theme here can be read in *Science*, journal of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

WE cannot enter here into the manner in which, in increasingly intelligent animals, the pattern of behavior, and of affective tendencies, is more and more modified by experience. Still less can we here review the truly revolutionary innovation in method whereby, in man, experience becomes transferred, symbolized in speech and otherwise, accumulated, codified, and sanctified. It is important, however, to realize that it is a function of these processes of modification, whether by individual or by group experience, to extend the inherent affective tendencies to situations which the experiences have shown to be somewhat connected with the ones that originally aroused the given feeling. Thus, for each individual or, where experience is transferred, for each group, a pattern of feelings and responses becomes built up that has, so to speak, been recut so as better to meet the set of circumstances peculiar to that individual or group. Yet the old feelings are in large measure still there, and in many cases they are still evoked by the original stimuli, as well as by the associated ones.

It is true that the associations form extended chains, or rather webs, yet the motivations that trigger the decisions to act or not to act are in the last instance based in the ingrained affective components that are directly or indirectly attached to elements in any given web, and that have now become more or less suffused throughout that web. It should also be noted that, within any web, not all affective components need work in the same direction. Thus the attainment of the final decision may entail considerable inner friction.

The transfer and accumulation of experience—that is, cultural evolution—was of course possible only because of the intelligence, social disposition, and manipulatory, vocal, and other special proclivities of genetic origin that had laid a basis for it. For a very long time, while culture was being accumulated, this genetic basis also must have been strengthened by natural selection, and the

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cultural process must have been facilitated thereby.

Nevertheless, the development of culture proceeds primarily through its own operations. Although the core of these is the joint accumulation of experience, most of that experience until modern times has consisted of purely empirical observations and familiarity with rule-of-thumb operations, with little understanding of the nature of the matters involved. The artificial interpretations, almost always animistic, that were gradually fabricated regarding the nature of the world and man, and the associated rituals, witchdoctring, and institutionalization of superstition, did, however, fill the important general function of reinforcing the social solidarity of the group and promoting their cooperative behavior. They also played important technical roles in healing, in advantageously regulating hunting, planting, and so on, and in laying down rules of conduct that were made to seem dependent on the interpretations themselves. Our modern scientific knowledge makes the intellectual fallacies and the technical imperfections of these primitive systems so glaring that we tend to forget the positive role they played until we see a primitive people lose all interest in life and disintegrate when modern civilization deprives them of their Rock of Ages.

The religious and ethical systems of nonscientific peoples expressed the values that they overtly recognized. But in doing so they gave opportunity for the satisfaction of the peoples' actual affective needs and resulted in behavior conducive to the survival and extension of the group. Despite marked differences among these systems, in viewpoint and methods, remarkable similarities are also displayed, reflecting the underlying likeness in human psychological and physical needs.

ALL the more successful social systems emphasized by precept and training the importance of service to others, not only in the family (which of course had priority) but also in the group as a whole, and, later, more especially, to the leaders. Moreover, those specific attitudes and practices were fostered that tended to make that service more effective: practices such as veracity, integrity, self-control, industry, and courage. In addition, devices were used for arousing ecstatic emotional experiences that deepened and intensified the individual's sense of forming a part of a greater family, dominated by a greater father, who provided greater rewards and more frightful punishments. These experiences also enhanced the individual's sense of privilege in participating in the activities of this supernal fellowship.

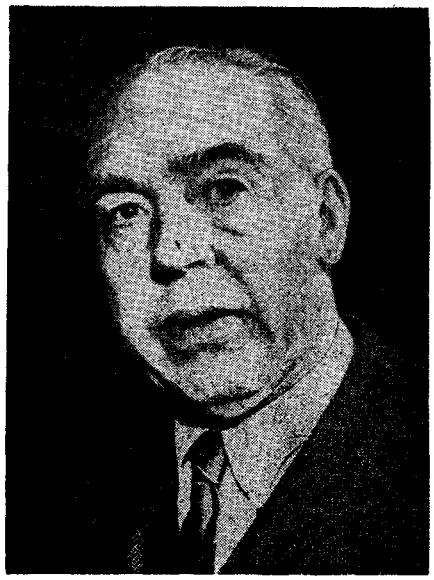
Until some 2500 years ago community loyalty was usually accompanied by a then healthy suspicion and even hostility toward other communities, especially those with different cultures. But with the rise of the great empires that embraced many previously separate peoples, doctrines of brotherhood among all mankind began to gain increasing acceptance. Along with this there was a growing adherence to abstract conceptions that were supposed to embody universally valid higher values, such as Plato's "Goodness, Beauty, and Truth." However, these terms were seldom defined concretely enough, in view of the innumerable interpretations which could be given them, to provide unequivocal solutions to problems of actual living on the part of either the individual or the group. Thus, Plato regarded slavery as fundamental for his system of "Goodness, Beauty, and Truth."

IT IS high time for modern man again to revise his concepts of values, in accord with the utterly new view that science, and especially evolutionary science, has given him of the nature of the world and of his actual and potential relations to it.

With the shrinkage of the world, and the suicide that is being committed by war, if it does not murder us first, each man must ever more strongly identify himself with humanity in general. The visions that he has obtained of the unimaginable progression already accomplished in past evolution, of the unprecedented powers which he himself has now gained through science, and of the fathomless reaches to which man may go, in terms of greater life, by the rational use of these powers in behalf of himself and posterity, afford an over-all directive for his efforts that is in accord with the objective end of the species—namely, its survival and extension—and also with most of his own more immediate subjectively based values. Enough can thereby be gained for the individual, in enhanced richness and harmony of life, to recompense him on a personal basis, to a degree unparalleled in the past, especially if advantage be taken of already existing psychology and psychiatry. At the same time, he can attain a sense of participation in a joint endeavor far greater than his own that is more solidly based and more buoying to his spirits than that gained by obedience to a tenuous superior power.

It may be objected that we have not yet given an opinion as to what should be considered the higher subjective

NIELS BOHR



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values that are most to be striven for. If objectively we take survival and extension of the species to be the end, as set by evolution, then we find that in our own line of descent the two groups of psychological characteristics that have been the most important in putting us into our dominant position were those making for intelligence and those making for cooperative behavior. Moreover, despite the revolutionary changes wrought by our culture since its creation of modern science, it is evident that these two functions, especially when enhanced through cultural measures and, I believe, eventually through genetic measures also, will *continue* to provide the most important means both for meeting the evolutionary test of physical expansion and for advancing our subjective values.

In accordance with this thesis, we may place in the foremost positions among psychological needs, and we may accord the highest value to, for one thing, the gratification of curiosity —that is, the pursuit of truth for its own sake, by methods of the most effective kind (the kind used by science)—and, for another thing that is no less important, the fulfillment of love in its varied aspects. Among other values, the cultivation of which is also highly important, we may mention here as a few examples, largely overlapping with one another and with the two already given, the zest for making one's own decisions (that is, for the exercise of freedom), for achievement, creativity, variety, and adventure, and the appreciation of nature, art, and artifice.

THERE *is no ultimate contradiction* between individual and social values for beings who have the natural feelings that lead to mutual aid. Indeed, the contrary is true. Those individuals who have a significant voice in the determination of their own destinies, whose personal experience and activities give them fuller opportunity for rounded development and zest in life, are the very persons who are most likely to render the most valuable service to the community.

It has been rightly said that biological evolution is multidirectional and cruel and that the vast majority of lines of descent end in pitiful anticlimaxes. Yet it is our business to take intelligence and cooperation as much farther as we can. Through the unprecedented human faculty of long-range foresight, we can increasingly avoid the missteps of blind nature, circumvent its cruelties, reform our own natures, and enhance our values. On these conclusions the reflections of modern students of evolution and of modern humanists converge.

PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—XXVI

HANS BETHE, PEACESEEKER: SCIENCE AND THE SUMMIT

Famed for His Star Fuel Calculations, This Analytical Physicist Now Offers Some Postulates on the Practice of Statecraft

ITHACA, N. Y.

UP TO now, Professor Hans Albrecht Bethe has been known to the world as the scientist who figured out what is the fuel whose burning makes the stars shine. But generations to come may know him as the man who calculated a method of diverting his fellows from pulling the starfire down and making a torch of Earth.

Professor Bethe himself would never be able to conceive of himself in so heroic a role. The dimensions of it are far too grand. The immensity of space among the stars is his backyard playground. But that, in his thinking, is a puny emptiness alongside the reach and depth of human destiny.

"Peace," he told me the other day before biting a chunk from a luncheon bun, "will be the great discovery of our time."

Almost anybody can make a remark like that, and many people do. But as I looked into the tiny, steady, golden flame that lights the center of his pale blue eyes, I felt a warmth that scientists usually radiate only when they are expounding some exquisitely simple relationship in nature that is quite obvious to someone who notices it but completely invisible to everyone else.

I waited to hear the relationship.

It had to do with the width of the White House windows compared to the size of our planet.

"Earth satellites and missiles are a very small and relatively unimportant part of science," the Professor said between spoonfuls of fruit cup. "The attention they have attracted has exaggerated the comparative scientific strength of Russia and the United States. Their very existence, however, makes it clear that we cannot expect to dominate the Russians. We have to learn to live with them. If we are to live with them in peace, if we are not to be in constant fear of hydrogen warheads set off perhaps by nervous accident, we must relieve the tensions which now exist in the world. I believe we could make a start toward relief by having a moratorium on nuclear bomb tests. A moratorium wouldn't solve any great problem. It wouldn't be too important in itself. But it would be a beginning."

Had we met a week earlier, the Professor confided, he couldn't have discussed the question of a bomb test moratorium. At that time, it was a confidential item in the deliberations of the Science Advisory Committee which reports to President Eisenhower through Assistant President James Rhyne Killian's office. Since then, Secretary of State John Foster Dulles had mentioned the Committee's findings at a press conference. Thenceforth the subject was open. No one could have been more solidly grounded in it, because Professor Bethe was chairman of Dr. Killian's special panel which decided it was feasible to monitor nuclear explosions. The panel chairmanship had gone to him because he had guided the analytical architecture of our first A-bomb and was postwar chief of a Los Alamos research group that has been watching the telltales of all Russian nuclear explosions since 1953. "We think we know pretty well," he told me, forking a piece of swiss steak, "what they've been doing."

"I BELIEVE that the timing of a moratorium is very important," he went on. "At this moment the Russians for their own reasons want to relieve tensions. We ought to act while they are receptive. In the past, they have swung rapidly from one extreme to another. I'm afraid that if we don't act when they are in a mood to reciprocate, they'll probably swing over to an attitude of extreme harshness and

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—Cornell

Dr. Hans Albrecht Bethe.

our chance to begin relieving the tension will be gone."

I asked the obvious question: "Why, then, don't we have the moratorium? What's the problem?"

It was then that Professor Bethe pointed out the relationship between the size of the world and the breadth of view from the windows of the White House.

"UNTIL Doctor Killian's appointment," he observed, "the President himself was the only man there with a broad view. All of the advisors he turned to on arms questions were in the Pentagon or the Atomic Energy Commission. They wouldn't be doing their jobs if they didn't oppose a moratorium. Perhaps a different Secretary. . . ." The Professor caught himself and went back to science. "Dr. Killian," he said, "is consulted on many questions of state. Everyone trusts him. His opinions carry great weight."

Then Professor Bethe said something which was, for a present-day scientist, remarkably sophisticated.

"It isn't right," he said, "that science alone should have this voice in the President's ear. There should be others in the President's confidence who see the broader view."

Which others?

"Economists," he said. "They are there already. Maybe also political scientists. Can you think of others?"

I couldn't think of anything except how awesome it was to listen to a noted physical scientist seriously proposing that social science be given an equal place with physical science in Presidential councils.

It was plain, however, that Professor Bethe considered his words quite natural. He had proceeded, as he always did, quietly and methodically through a process of elimination to a logical conclusion. He had followed the same mental route that led him to his hypothesis on star fuel in 1938.

In the case of the stars Professor Bethe had heard astronomers at a symposium in Washington, D. C. speculating about the mysteries of the searing temperatures of the sun and other bodies blazing in the heavens. On the long overnight ride home to the Cornell University campus, first on the Pennsylvania to Philadelphia and thence on the Lehigh Valley to Ithaca, he began to calculate. Collisions of protons with other protons would be enough to account for the heat of relatively cool stars like the sun, but the hotter stars had to be stoked with something else. He started through the table of elements, beginning at the bottom and going upward one by one. Six weeks later, he reached the carbon atom. He knew then that the problem was solved, although it took a long time after that to work out the details.

Whenever a proton, which is the nucleus of the hydrogen atom, penetrates the nucleus of a carbon atom, the carbon changes to nitrogen. When a proton penetrates the nitrogen nucleus, the nitrogen splits into carbon and helium. Thus, the carbon atom becomes a natural crucible in which four hydrogen atoms fuse into one atom of helium and give off energy in the form of heat. The crucible transmutes momentarily from carbon to nitrogen and back again. But it is always waiting for another proton.

Since those calculations (which were paralleled independently and unknowingly by C. F. von Weizsaecker of Gottingen) science has enlarged its knowledge of the size of protons. It is now believed that the "carbon cycle" is the lesser source of star heat and that the greater source is the proton-proton collision which was Professor Bethe's first choice as astro-fuel.

THE classical simplicity of proton-proton reaction is characteristic of Hans Bethe. Everything in his life seems to fit the pattern. Why did he go to Cornell rather than to some other school? "I was asked." How did he meet his wife, Rose? "She was the daughter of one of my professors in Germany. She was twelve at the time and it was one of my responsibilities, as her father's pupil, to take her and her brother for walks." How did he come to write the series of papers in Reviews of Modern Physics which have since become known as the Bible of nuclear physics? "No one else had written them."

It is not surprising, in view of this tradition, that Professor Bethe (his full title at Cornell is John Wendell Anderson Professor of Physics) should be mildly impatient with those who equate gadgetry and science. True discovery, in his eye, is wrapped up neatly and cleanly in the recognition of relationships that have gone unnoticed or misunderstood before. He has tried to pass this feeling on to his son, Henry George, who is now at Exeter Academy. The boy is no different from other boys in that he prefers those subjects which are interestingly taught. "Mathematics is the only subject he likes regardless of the teacher," father Bethe says, beaming. The fringe of steel grey, wiry hair around his pate gives him something of a musicianly look which may help to explain why daughter Monica plays the recorder, the flute and the contralto horn when she isn't dabbling with paints.

SINCE the Bethes' comfortable frame house on Cayuga Heights has no TV, its walls are a haven for the vanishing art of conversation and for unhurried listening to music and egg-head records of such offbeat stuff as George Roberts's poetic twits on scientific themes. Since mountains were always a backdrop for life in Germany, before Hans fled from Hitler's Reich by way of England and before Rose crossed the Atlantic to New Rochelle, the Bethes still tramp slopes together on occasion in the Rockies. When he has to stay put, the Professor marks time in the pages of a stamp collection.

Time is scarce since Dr. Killian revitalized the President's Science Advisory Committee. Ten whole days of the month of March were spent at the Committee's meetings in Washington. Professor Bethe is away from Cornell so often nowadays (sometimes on government business, sometimes on affairs of the National Academy of Science, sometimes on private consultations for corporations like AVCO) that he suspects his invitation to deliver one of the 1958 University Lectures in April (the lecturers are usually drawn from beyond the local campus) may have been due to his being mistaken for an outlander.

Probably the most revered member of the Cornell faculty, Professor Bethe, now fifty-two, stands too high in the firmament to be within reach of most Cornell students. Younger people in the community have made a more human evaluation of him, as he discovered after a lecture he delivered to the seventh grade of the Ithaca public schools. (Rose Bethe led a faculty crusade to put a high polish on teachers there.) A ninth grader who listened in told Henry George Bethe afterward:

"Oh, it was a nice talk. But he really didn't tell them anything new."

—J. L.

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THE SLEEPY CHRYSANTHEMUM

Without Long Hours of Darkness and Rest, It Won't Grow and Bloom. But the China-aster Thrives on a Day-Long Sunning

LIGHT, the principal nourishment of green plants, must be given to them in sufficient quantity and not in excess. . . . The same quantity . . . may be offered each day in a number of different ways, either by strong illuminations for a few hours followed by a long night, or by lower illuminations spread over a longer "period" and followed by a short night. The development of the same plant under these varying conditions may be profoundly different. With a certain period of daylight, a plant may be incapable of producing either buds, or flowers or fruit; one species of onion will not form a bulb; another tuberous plant will remain without a tuber; a tree may remain in leaf until the winter and be killed by the frost, while the same plants, supplied with the same quantity of light, on the same ground and at the same temperature, but with suitable periods of daylight and darkness, will flower, produce seeds, bulbs and tubers and resist the winter frost. . . .

These curious consequences of day-length . . . were called "photoperiodism" by the two Americans, Garner and Allard, who drew attention to them in 1920. . . . Photoperiodism is still rather mysterious. . . . Perhaps certain slow syntheses are possible only when the action of the light is sufficiently prolonged, perhaps others go beyond the stage of their accomplishment to give other combinations if darkness comes later. . . . Here we give a few characteristic examples in which the influence of the day-length is manifested by particular aspects. . . .

Two pots of chrysanthemums, A and B, are cultivated when the natural day is short and the night long. They are tended in exactly the same way, except that at night A is illuminated with an electric lamp, while B remains in darkness. During the day, both are illuminated normally in natural daylight.

Pot A receives a nocturnal illumination of about 50 lux—1,000 times lower than the natural light on a rather bright day. This supplementary light, too weak to modify the nutrition of the chrysanthemum through photosynthesis, reacts profoundly on its development, and no flower buds appear. On the other hand, pot B, which is not illuminated during the night, flowers normally. . . .

If the same experiment is repeated with a stronger lamp for only half an hour in the course of the night, flowering is still suppressed. In order to flower, the chrysanthemum requires long *uninterrupted* nights of from twelve to sixteen hours, according to the variety. The flowering . . . can be retarded at will by night illumination before the formation of the buds. . . . Conversely, if the length of the day is shortened in the summer, flowering will be produced earlier, and this process is already being used to advance flowering by one or two weeks. . . .

Other plants which require long, uninterrupted nights to make them flower are begonia, cosmos and *Poinsettia pulcherrima* (the night temperature must be maintained between 57.2° and 50° F.). There is also the economically important Mammoth tobacco of Maryland, which does not flower or produce seeds in the summer in the State of Maryland (latitude 39° N.) because the days are too long, but does so when it is cultivated in a glasshouse in the winter with long nights. In the south of Florida (latitude 26° N.) it also flowers in the winter. . . .

In our latitudes, plants which form buds and flowers when they are subjected to long nights find these conditions naturally at the end of autumn, in the winter and at the beginning of spring. . . . Some plants, on the contrary, require long days and short nights and begin to flower naturally only in summer.

NASTURTIUM (*Tropaeolum majus*), cultivated at a temperature of 62.6° to 64.4° F., does not flower if the days are short. China-aster (*Callistephus chinensis*) flowers at a temperature lower than 76.2° F. only with short nights. When the temperature is above 76.2° F., the length of the day makes no difference. . . . Other plants like lupin, Buddleia and *Browallia* are indifferent to the length of day and night. . . .

DIRECT experiments have proved that the action of light on flowering is effected through the leaves, and through adult leaves, not through those which are too young. . . .

The influence of the composition of the radiation has scarcely been investigated. . . . On the gillyflower, a long-day plant, flowering is stimulated by the orange red, the red and the extreme red. . . . On a short-day plant, *Salvia,* which normally flowers in the autumn . . . again it is only the red light which is effective in suppressing the formation of buds. . . .

The length of the day effects many other processes besides flowering. . . . A late variety of potato . . . cultivated in summer at a rather high average temperature, remained without a tuber when supplementary lighting was given from nightfall to midnight; a subterranean eye, which would normally have formed a tuber, lengthened into a new stem. . . . The form of dahlia roots . . . depends on the length of the day. . . . The *Silverskin* species of onion, if it is kept with a rather short daylength of ten hours, remains more than twelve months without forming either bulb or flower; on the other hand, if the day lengthens, as it does naturally in the summer in our latitudes, the bulb forms and grows. . . . Trees are greatly influenced by the length of the day. *Salix lanata,* for example, which thrives at high latitudes, with very long summer days, does not grow well at Leningrad, where the days are shorter, until the beginning of the winter. On the other hand, *Robinia pseudo-acacia,* originating from lower latitudes, with shorter summer days, is overtaken by the winter and destroyed by frost.

—J. TERRIEN *and* G. TRUFFAUT *in "Light, Vegetation and Chlorophyll"* (*Philosophical Library,* $6)

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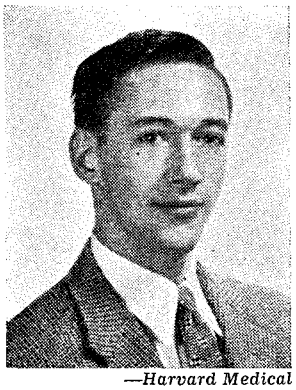
THE RESEARCH FRONTIER



—Harvard Medical

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US? *The human brain is a fascinating instrument. It performs prodigies of calculation, involving delicate nuances of judgment and multiple choice of action, in a mere twinkling of time. It draws decisions from intricate sets of values in the very course of judging the values themselves and rearranging the hierarchy in which they stand. If man could learn the mechanics of this marvel he would be able to free himself from physical drudgery and turn all his energies on the illumination of his other self. This is the real meaning of the frontier described here by Richard M. Friedberg, 22-year-old sophomore at Harvard Medical School. Friedberg reached medicine by way of mathematics, which took him to IBM for a summer job. A technical documentation of this paper can be read in the IBM Journal of Research and Development.*

RICHARD M. FRIEDBERG
Harvard Medical School

ALTHOUGH modern electronic computers have relieved us of many tedious calculations, we are still faced with difficult tasks in which the slowness of our thoughts and the shortness of our memory limit us severely, but for which present machines are less adequate than we because they lack judgment. If we are ever to make a machine that will speak, understand or translate human languages, solve mathematical problems with imagination, practice a profession or direct an organization, either we must reduce these activities to a science so exact that we can tell a machine precisely how to go about doing them or we must develop a machine that can do things without being told precisely how. I shall discuss the second possibility.

If a machine is not told *how* to do something, at least some indication must be given of *what* it is to do; otherwise we could not direct its efforts toward a particular problem. It is difficult to see a way of telling it *what* without telling it *how*, except by allowing it to try out procedures at random or according to some unintelligent system and informing it constantly whether or not it is doing what we wish. The machine might be designed to gravitate toward those procedures which most often elicit from us a favorable response. Thus the machine might learn to do a thing that we do not know how to do provided that we know when the thing has been done right. It is in this way that a lucky husband can get his wife to cook food the way he likes it even though he can't tell her how.

Such a machine, it may be objected, would only follow precise orders just as present computers do. Although it might learn to perform a task without being told precisely how to perform it, it would still have to be told precisely how to learn.

This is true, but it does not lessen the desirability of such a learning machine. On the one hand, even a thermostat is not told at what level to keep the furnace running; it is told how to readjust the furnace if the room temperature is too high or too low. On the other hand, even the most powerful learning device known may well follow a precise program at a very elementary level. It appears that each neuron of the human brain follows laws of cause and effect, but the organization of the brain is so complex that a determinism is not manifest in its activities as a whole. Between the thermostat and the brain there may be no gulf in principle. Yet in practice there is a gulf so wide that bridging it would be an enormous achievement.

A hypothetical computer called Herman was designed for the purpose of testing such a bridge. Herman accepts every number of fourteen digits as a meaningful instruction and every sequence of sixty-four instructions as a complete set of directions for solving a problem. A creature called Teacher presents one problem to Herman repeatedly and examines Herman's memory after each presentation to see whether, by following the instructions supplied, Herman has got the right answer in that trial. A third creature, Learner, varies the instructions to Herman before each trial. If Herman usually gets the right answer when a certain instruction is among those that he is to follow, then that instruction is counted "good." Based on this evaluation, Learner tries to supply Herman with more "good" than "bad" instructions. The idea is to make each instruction act like a simple self-regulating mechanism such as a thermostat and to see whether the whole set of sixty-four mechanisms can act together like a mind.

Herman, Teacher, and Learner are all my imaginary creations. Instead of building them, I used an IBM 704 electronic computer to calculate exactly how they would behave in a long series of trials if they were built. I shall speak of the calculated results of this series of trials as if Herman, Teacher, and Learner had actually carried them out, since the precision of mathematics assures me the outcome would have been the same.

Herman tried the first problem 10,000 times and came up with a right answer only twenty-six times. In the next 10,000 tries, the number of correct answers rose to 511. When the results of 150,000 tries were averaged out, about 45% of them turned out to be right. Fifty thousand tries after that were all successful.

This sounds good, but it should not be understood to mean that a thinking machine is just around the corner. Herman's first problem was extremely simple—simpler than adding one and one. When the problem of adding one and one was given, Herman arrived at the right answer no better than 25% of the time on the average, although there is no saying how well he might have done in, let us say, a hundred times as many trials.

Another limitation of Herman's learning appeared when the Teacher was "rigged" to report Herman's answer wrong after every tenth trial, even if the answer was really right. Herman was unable to maintain an average accuracy much above 50% under these conditions, as though the learning process was "discouraged" by anything short of 100% success.

Herman's achievements, though small, are heartening. The very fact that varying degrees of success were achieved under different controlled conditions opens the way to experiment by which we may grow to understand the factors which influence the behavior of a learning machine.

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Time to Know

Continued from page 22

only a moment, it would have realized how ludicrous this charge was. The Soviet Union did not announce its tests in advance. If *Time* had some way of knowing when the Russian tests were to be held, it should have revealed the news to the world. In that case, the National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy would most certainly have acted on the information.

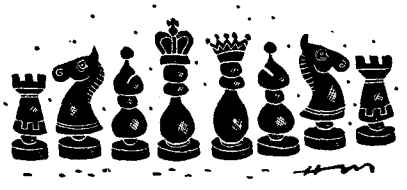
As it happened, however, one of the major statements of the Committee *did* come just before the recent Russian tests. This was sheer luck.

Time called attention to the men of the Golden Rule who are sailing into the forbidden area of the Pacific where the American tests are being held. What *Time* neglected to say is that a related group has already left for the Soviet Union to protest against Russian nuclear policy. If *Time* knew this, it was holding back on its facts. If it didn't know it, then it missed an important part of the story.

Recently, *Time* magazine ran some articles on public education that were displeasing to many educators. In retaliation, a few school officials have declared a boycott against *Time* and are banning the magazine from their libraries. In so doing, they overlooked the sustained and substantial service to public education in America by Roy Larsen, President of Time, Inc. We deplore this attitude. There are reasonable limits in public controversy beyond which reasonable men ought not and need not go. Public boycotts of the kind being organized against *Time* by some educators are out of bounds. So is Name-calling and Know-Nothingism by *Time* itself in its last issue.

WE ARE going to continue our subscription to *Time*, betting that the men we knew almost thirty-five years ago are still basically devoted to the sovereignty of accurate reporting and fair play. We still believe they are big enough to admit to a serious mistake, particularly as it concerns the reputation of men who are as eager as the editors of *Time* to serve the cause of freedom and a better world.

It is important to know. Especially is it important to know the difference between hard facts and sly innuendoes, between information and defamation. —N. C.



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FRENCH FULBRIGHT STUDENT (male) seeks summer position. Will travel. Box E-429.

SEWING? Yardage? Irish tweed? Bleeding Madras or Rajah? Woven striped Bihar or Mexican cottons? Printed linens? Imported tartans? Siamese silk? Carol Brown, Putney 21, Vermont.

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TRAVELING BABYSITTER! Experienced, wishes European travel, 17 years, summer '58, expenses, small pay. Box E-471.

MAN of appropriate talents and managerial abilities interested in collaboration on summer recreational and cultural project. (No investment sought.) Have in mind arts and crafts workshop, together with hobby museum. (Other ideas or suggestions welcomed.) Prefer resort location Middle Atlantic States such as Poconos or seashore. Will exchange references. Box E-417.

TOP CASH PAID for letters and documents of famous people. Ask for free brochure, "How to Sell Your Autographs." Charles R. Hamilton Autographs, Inc., 515 Madison Ave., NYC 22. ELdorado 5-3464.

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WOMAN, 28, Degree—Speech, English, Psychology. Experience in High School teaching and recreation. Desires summer or full time position anywhere. Box E-422.

HERALDIC WOODCARVING—Arms individually sculptured, polychromed—L. H. Sellers, Radnor, Pa.

LAW STUDENT, world traveled, desires interesting summer position June 1. Box E-441.

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TEACHER, MALE, Syracuse MA. Desires college or junior-college position. History or Social Science department. Seven years experience. Box E-443.

REWARDS UNLIMITED for mature young couple desiring to create home for ten troubled teen-agers. Challenging work; congenial associates; beautiful country setting, midstate New York. Unique coed community combining academic, vocational and civic education with professional help on adjustment problems. Box E-302.

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RETREAT offers part-time work and freedom. Oakhaven Fairmont, Minnesota.

EUROPEAN (38, German national, anti-Nazi), fluent English, German, Spanish, fair French, widely traveled, years of residence abroad, University educated, connoisseur of the Arts, social worker, (diploma) 8 years experience Director of Field Office of leading U.S. Welfare Agency, living in Spain, holder U. S. Visa, seeks position travel guide to groups or individuals touring Europe. Box E-455.

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(Continued on page 50)

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(Continued from page 49)

APARTMENTS FOR SUBLET

MANHATTAN, EAST SIXTIES, attractive, completely furnished 3½ room apartment. Air conditioned, color TV, bedroom. Available mid-June to mid-September. Box E-421.

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CAPE COD cottages, season, month, week. Nauset Real Estate Exchange, Route 6. Orleans 552.

BERKSHIRES, view, swimming, twenty acres, five rooms, modern conveniences, monthly or $350 season. Box E-356.

COOPERSTOWN, N. Y.—1½ room lakeside cabins, sleep 4. Family appeal. Horses, swimming, boating. Folder: FENIMORE, 240 East 20 St., NYC 3.

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BERKSHIRES-GOSHEN, MASSACHUSETTS, large summer home, 50 acres, lake. Details. Henry B. Smith, RD 1, Box 228, Wallingford, Connecticut.

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TANGLEWOOD-JACOB'S PILLOW AREA: 3-bedroom lakefront house, private beach-boat; season, $800; July, $400, MUlberry 4-7773 (NJ).

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1258

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Connecting link; co-operation.	148 144 161 152 41 26 37
B. Taking part in one of two competing groups (3 wds.).	31 70 8 114 67 127 111
C. Made one.	32 39 56 87 21 92
D. Sure; one long word Jimmy Durante has really licked.	14 25 71 85 123 94 11 125 42 103 115
E. Scientific names, correct and incorrect, collectively, which have been applied to a species or a group by different writers.	62 104 49 164 133 124 138 129
F. Extra dressing, condiment, sauce, etc., supplied in a restaurant (3 wds.).	97 13 69 107 157 61 72 140 135
G. Titular hero of Hindemith opera, 1934.	154 58 6 35 136 2
H. Spiritually akin.	74 68 150 99 20 48 86 132
I. Hero of Hardy's "Return of the Native."	89 83 12 128 162 24 75 108 163
J. Highest of the four orders of diplomatic agents.	54 165 80 50 147 153 78 10 43 18
K. Lived inconspicuously (U.S. slang; 2 wds.).	33 155 139 22 109 34

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
L. Any myriapod of the Chilopoda.	158 100 27 141 52 110 17 44 36
M. Climax of the extravagant terms with which Hamlet decries overacting (2 wds. and comp.).	38 146 134 131 77 88 113 156 47 118 166 82 91 57
N. Describing the flower "I give you as we part" (2 wds.).	15 7 119 16 120 142 160 59 40 29 102
O. James I of England (VI of Scotland) considered smoking to be "a custom loathsome" in this particular (3 wds.).	79 145 112 121 66 116 23 60
P. Brilliant football coach of Columbia, retired within a few years past.	159 1 90 98 53 28
Q. Real being of person or thing and, to Platonists, even of an idea.	151 3 63 5 95 122
R. Carriage; extreme emotion.	4 76 64 106 30 96 81 143 73
S. The receptionist often doubles as one.	117 45 55 46 137 65
T. Enough for Omar.	19 101 93 130
U. The decorative ribbon.	9 149 84 105 126 51

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

				1 P	2 G	3 Q	4 R		5 Q	6 G		7 N	8 B	9 U	10 J	
11 D	12 I		13 F	14 D	15 N		16 N	17 L	18 J	19 T	20 H	21 C	22 K	23 O		24 I
25 D		26 A	27 L	28 P	29 N		30 R	31 B	32 C	33 K		34 K	35 G	36 L	37 A	
38 M	39 C	40 N	41 A		42 D	43 J	44 L	45 S		46 S	47 M		48 H	49 E		50 J
	51 U	52 L	53 P	54 J	55 S	56 C	57 M	58 G	59 N	60 O	61 F		62 E	63 Q	64 R	65 S
66 O		67 B		68 H	69 F	70 B	71 D		72 F	73 R		74 H		75 I	76 R	77 M
78 J	79 O		80 J	81 R	82 M	83 I		84 U	85 D	86 H		87 C	88 M	89 I		90 P
91 M		92 C	93 T		94 D	95 Q		96 R	97 F	98 P	99 H	100 L	101 T	102 N	103 D	104 E
	105 U	106 R	107 F		108 I	109 K	110 L	111 B		112 O	113 M		114 B	115 D	116 O	
117 S	118 M	119 N		120 N	121 O	122 Q		123 D	124 E		125 D	126 U	127 B		128 I	129 E
	130 T	131 M	132 H	133 E		134 M	135 F	136 G	137 S		138 E	139 K	140 F	141 L	142 N	143 R
144 A	145 O	146 M	147 J		148 A	149 U	150 H	151 Q		152 A	153 J		154 G	155 K	156 M	157 F
	158 L	159 P	160 N	161 A	162 I		163 I	164 E		165 J	166 M					

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 11 of this issue.

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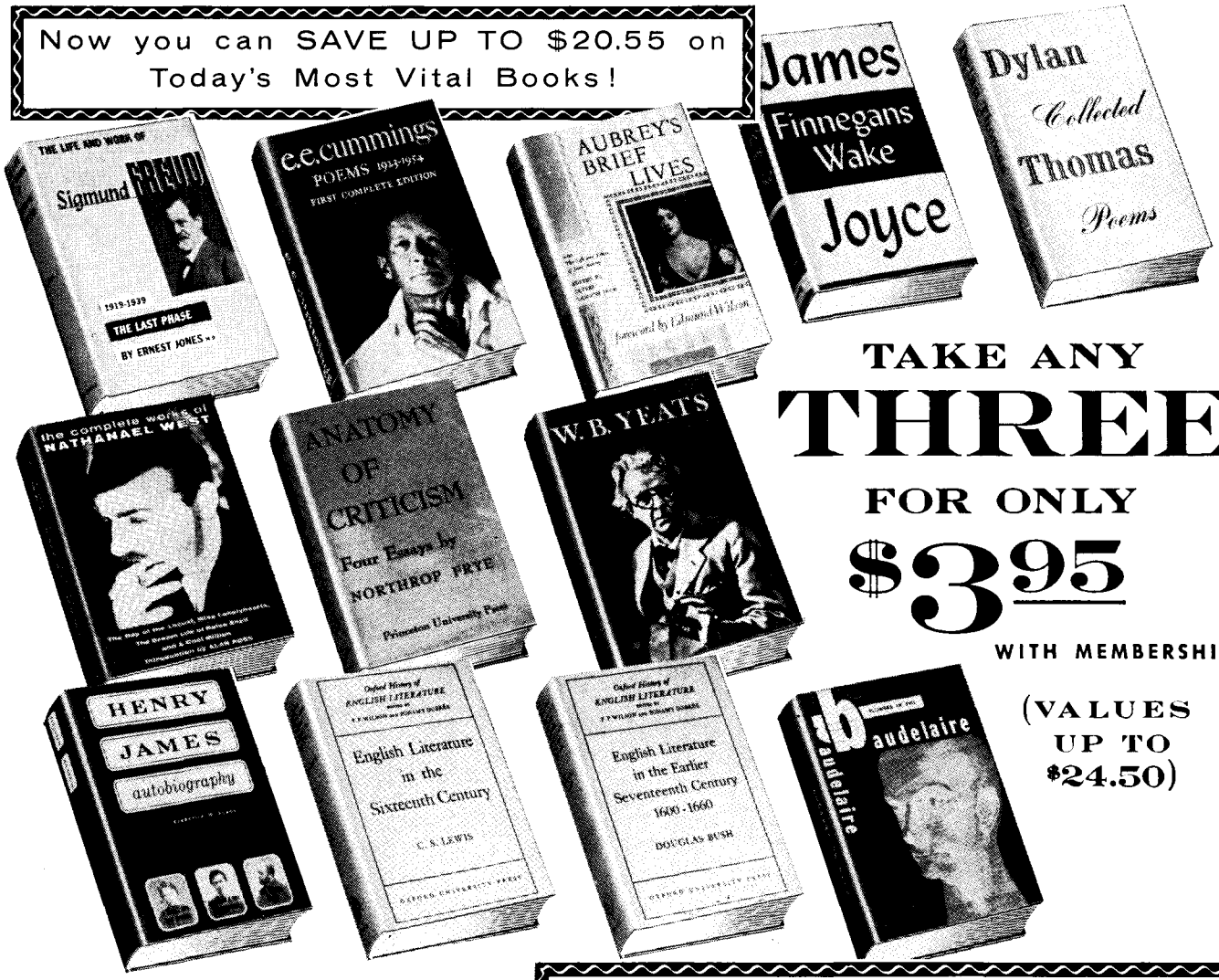

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